

harry

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Life Revolution at Hopkins

by Jill Woodstock

Thursday, 16 April 1970: Demonstration at Lincoln Gordon's house demanding an end to university complicity with the military, especially recruiters on campus. He was not home.

Friday, 17 April: Homewood House (administration building, Gordon's office) surrounded. Students and faculty call for an end to the bullshit and a commitment on issues.

It all began for the Yippies during the April 17th sit-around at Homewood House, on the front left steps facing Charles Street.

Hopkins freaks, a new species in this environment, were blossoming and the leaves had not yet begun to spring. Huddling together for warmth, we found our spot (Yakuji sense). Symbolically guarding the door, we found home and each other. This revolution would go on forever, unless the dope ran out first.

The sun, the crowd, the politicos, the administration – confronting each other on the other side of the house. All was unity on the left front steps. Occasionally someone came around to ask our opinion about something. (We were the heads of the revolution.) "Run around the house fast." Revolutionary theater is revolutionary life. It has to function, have real concrete meaning (like for getting warm) and be a hell of a lot of fun. The fact of running, the fact of Paul Revere, created electric waves in the crowd.

Administrators get uptight about threats to occupy the building. The University enjoins the university (all those "to whom notice of these proceedings may come"), and prohibits people from doing some vague things like exercising their constitutional rights. The crowd gives up plans to occupy Homewood House and moves to Levering Hall, where they decide to

return to the front lawn and hold a vigil, not interfering with the "normal" functioning of the university.

Saturday, 18 April: Lawyers are consulted about the injunction. Leaflets are printed up, and meetings held to decide upon tactics.

Day Two: sunheatcolor on the lawn. Tropic sea blue cloth, 20 yards of it, reading STOP THE WAR MACHINE • FIGHT THE INJUNCTION in white and yellow. Negative words radiating truth and love, made meaningful by freaks and helium balloons. That lawn had never been used before.

A big polyethylene tent was erected on bamboo poles by Buckminster Woodstock. Rustling, translucent, open-ended, beautiful. Human be-ins and two orange cats and Snoopy were doing it.

Day Three: a rainy Sunday. Join the Peacewatch.

continued on page 3

Letters



Dear Sir:

While I find HARRY to be a usually accurate and informative newspaper, there are occasionally articles which are misleading and not in keeping with your normal standards. Such an article is the one entitled "Holy Shit! A Helicopter!", on page five, Volume I, Number 11, dated April 3, 1970.

Mr. D'Antoni's writing style is extremely bad for a reporter (assuming that he is reporting news as opposed to making opinion-commentary) and would mislead anyone who did not know any other facts about the case.

The Hughes Aircraft Corp. is selling these machines to any and all comers, though the type of helicopter (light observation) is ideal for police agencies for its relatively low operating cost and ease of maintenance. The modifications hinted (but not mentioned) are, if one goes and looks, necessary for civilian use. Such as the removal of a few hundred pounds of military radio gear, etc. The equipment that Mr. D'Antoni implies is for some sort of anti-black or anti-hippie warfare, namely the self-sealing gas tanks, etc., are standard on all military helicopters and would cost far more to replace than would be economically feasible. Rocket launchers and machine guns would be, if nothing else, useless from a purely tactical point of view in a city.

I would be inclined to be happy about the personnel hoist when the Jones Falls Expressway is jammed because some damn woman or man forgot to get gas and is sitting in the middle of the road; in a number of past cases, a helicopter able to set down in the harbor could well have saved someone. Not to mention the numerous fires set by young adults and happy children where people have been trapped, etc.

Besides, if you feel so very strongly about the critter, it's really not very hard to shoot down.

This article is the most recent that has aroused my ire, but it is typical of the attitude of many underground papers; namely, "We are telling the only truth!" HARRY, to a point, is very free of this sort of trash, but...

My spleen is about empty and I must admit that I dig HARRY more than other similar "free presses." Until later I am

Sincerely yours,

Robert Cadwalader

(Mr. D'Antoni replies, "He actually took it seriously. Far out!" - ed.)



Dear Harry,

I know you don't have a Dear Abby column, but man I need help. I'm 23 years old, married, have a little girl 5 yrs. old, going to college, and working part-time. In other words I don't have much time for fun. Last night I went over to my girlfriends house next door. We were blowing smoke and listening to sounds. I asked my husband if he wanted to come over, and he said no. He smokes and doesn't mind if I smoke. He rather I smoke than drink alcohol. Well, two of her friends were there and we were just sitting around talking and listening

to sounds. Then Tony (my husband) comes in with an instant attitude. He started throwing slurs, and making everyone feel uncomfortable. He blew my high, so I left. Harry, this is not the first time this has happened, he does it all the time. I don't even bother to have friends over the house any more, because he's jealous of everybody I associate with. Even my girlfriends, he thinks are trying to match me up with someone else. I love him, and I know he loves me (but I'm tired of this SHIT). My friend told me she wasn't coming over my house anymore, because she didn't want to get involved, and this is what everyone else has said. And I understand why. My man keeps an instant attitude and complex, and I'm ready to climb a wall. What can I do?

J.C. (and I don't mean Jesus Christ)

Dear J.C.,

Your marriage is suffering from lack of a meaningful I-thou relationship. Your relationship with Tony might be considered of the "I-love-Lucy" variety. You know, Ricky gets mad at Lucy because she's run off somewhere and done something stupid like getting her foot stuck in cement or falling off the Brooklyn Bridge. Since this happens all the time, Lucy becomes quite paranoid and begins to feel that everything she does will only enrage Ricky. She perceives him, thus, as an ogre which she must outwit, conceal things from, and avoid provoking.

The problem with Lucy and Ricky is that there's no communication between them. They speak but never communicate. Therefore life is nothing but a constant hassle.

You and Tony both need to get away from your present environment. Perhaps a weekend trip might help. It won't be easy though, since your 5-year-old daughter's remarkable ability to attend college while maintaining a part-time job is placing a definite strain on things.

Perhaps you could have her transfer to an out-of-state school next semester.

Love,
HARRY

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HARRY is published,
by Atlantic Publishing Company
233 East 25th Street
Baltimore, Maryland 21218
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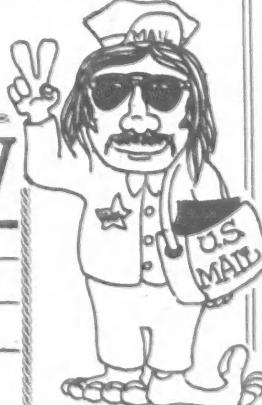
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cont. from page 1

We patched the tent, made posters and strew. The photographs of the revolution went up on a string across the entrance, telling the story of the death of the old regime - just two days dead - and the birth of the new. From this time on, speaking became difficult. How express placet in process in all directions through lovecommunity? The hare krishna Hopkins animals came out of hibernation, brilliant, deep, sexual. Peace pipes, filled with people's dope, also turned us on.

Steppenwolf sings, "Keep on searchin' for the pathway that'll lead you through the wall." Yes. What wall? All centers emanate from and to the center of the universe. Lincoln Gordon was to be invited to dinner.

Monday, 19 April: Rally at noon. Crowd returns to Homewood House to demand an end to the injunction



THE OLD UNIVERSITY

movie gliding by, the changing colors telling the time. Our bodies become outdoor bodies. Color, hunger, love define the time.

Disconnected people asked, "How long are you going to stay here? How many slept here last night?" Irrelevant and meaningless questions. An institution lives only so long as it serves the individuals. Individuals' needs change faster than the institutions that arise to fill those needs. The revolution is open-ended.

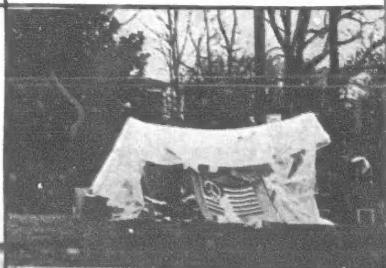
Tuesday, 20 April: Gordon issues statement essentially ignoring both the demonstrators' demands and the recommendations of a "legitimate" committee to abolish military recruitment. The statement is read by Dr. George Benton, dean-designate. Gordon had to go to Washington on university business.

The experimentuniversity of lifelove held a continuous astronomy class. We observed the moon's craters, Jupiter and four satellites. John Woodstock read Hesse's Journey to the East. We felt the universe. Blood flowed in the arteries and veins of dead or moribund "subjects." Liberation creates liberation (and vice versa). Education is about learning is about

sharing what we know about life. Say "yes" when our paths cross. That's a class. No wonder Jesus was able to fill up those people with a piece of bread and a sip of wine. They were all so turned on. "Love is coming to us all," he said. "Carry on."

Wednesday, 21 April: A strike is called with substantial success. Demands by the strikers include an end to university complicity with the military, the organization of a new governance system on a one-man one-vote basis for all members of the community. As an act of good faith to demonstrate its willingness to negotiate, the strikers demanded that the administration put an end to military recruiting on campus.

A people's commune with no address, we received



...AND THE NEW

mail. Somebody unplugged the people's power and left elaborate letters about the nuisance of communism in practice.

Hard core tent people worked their asses off during the day repairing tents, fixing up the environment, feeding people, airing sleeping bags. At night, evening breezes, wine, and grass (and grass) lit up history. The heads of the revolution, exhausted, exhilarated, ruddy-cheeked, rapped on into the candlelight. All hierarchy is illegitimate. We were all dealer, leader, teachers, and students. Crosby Stills and Nash Young almost cut their hair, but decided not to give an inch to fear.

Thursday, 22 April: Class attendance is down more than 50%. Picket lines at all university entrances. In the evening, the negotiating committee reports the administration's agreement. Military recruiting is suspended unless 10% of the student body petitions for such recruitment before 1 May, in which case a referendum would be held. A student-faculty committee would be drawn up to work over the summer on a new governance system. The strike is suspended.

Later, it seems the administration has really conceded nothing. The issue of military recruiting is up for referendum 30 April, and the administration is demonstrating no urgency to resolve the issue of governance.

Nixon is a frightened baby. So is Lincoln Gordon. The old university and the old revolution have this in common - they threaten each other and fear each other. Stalemate. There is no power in fear. Only death. To get love, you have only to love. Not so easy. Not so hard. Do it. You've got it. There's enough around for everyone. Competition for power has outlived its usefulness with the death of capitalism. We are all family Woodstock now.

COME TO THE TENT. THIS SATURDAY, MAY 2nd. Bring something to share and we'll have a feast. Let's say at 6 o'clock?

COMPETITION FOR POWER HAS OUTLIVED ITS USEFULNESS WITH THE DEATH OF CAPITALISM. WE ARE ALL FAMILY WOODSTOCK NOW.

and an end to military complicity, once again. The issues of what is a university and who should make decisions (i.e., governance) contribute to arousing many people out of lethargy.

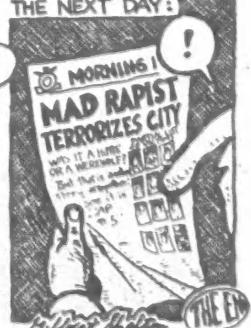
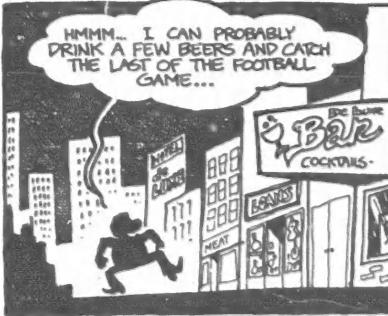
Gordon lifts the injunction, calls for non-binding referendum on recruiting conducted by Student Affairs Committee. SAC refuses to conduct referendum.

Loving parent, history, Homewood House, watching over her free child, the new administration building-tent. Not asking why, afraid to fly. (Deja vu: big birds flying across the skies, throwing shadows in our eyes, leave us helpless. Help!ss.) Old Charles Street, silent



Photo by TED FAHN

Those fabulous furry FREAK BROTHERS



News From The Baltimore Cong



THEY'VE GOT DAVE

by Thomas V. D'Antoni

On Tuesday, April 21, David Eberhardt, a member of the Baltimore Four Draft Record Liberators, and more recently a reporter for HARRY, was arrested along with co-draft liberator Philip Berrigan in the closet of Father Henry Brown at the Rectory of St. Gregory the Great Catholic Church in New York.

The two had been in hiding since April 9 when they had been scheduled to report to U.S. Marshals to start serving prison sentences for living the revolution.

The feds had led those at the church into believing that they would not hassle Dave and Phil until later that night at the scheduled "Up From Under" Rally in the church. Well, the Indians trusted the Geneva accords too. So at 4:00 P.M. the feds broke open the lock on the door of the bedroom of Father Henry Brown. Father Brown, who was sleeping, Rev. Peter Fordi, and Joseph O'Rourke, a Jesuit from Woodstock College (in Maryland, not on Yasgur's farm) were forced to sit on a couch while the eight feds searched the room.

They broke in the door to Brown's closet and found Dave and Phil writing their final statements for the rally.

One of the feds said, "Father Berrigan, you're supposed to be a non-violent man, don't resist arrest." They didn't resist.

How did they take it? Father Fordi said, "The expressions on the two men's faces was one of 'I don't know what to do' — surprise, compassion, a sort of x-mix."

As they were taken out handcuffed, Dave's last words were, "Don't forget to tell them to read my statement at the rally."

The rally at the church included Felipe Luciano of the Young Lords, Howard Zinn, David McReynolds of the War Resisters League, and Paul Krassner of the Hierarchy of the Youth International Party Organization Superstructure.

Statements by the former and present fugitives were read. Dave's was read by his wife, who had made the trip up from Baltimore but had missed seeing her husband, and Phil Berrigan's by Egbul Ahmed, a Pakistani. Messages by Dan Berrigan and George Mische were also read. They said, in essence, "Fuck you, feds, you're going to have to catch us!"

There were at least 75 feds in the vicinity of the church — all wearing London Fog Maincoats (Baltimore made). Some inside the church, and lots and lots outside. Every once in a while they'd go into what looked like a huddle. They never did anything, though. I guess that's because their quarterback was in Washington.

"Well, it looks like HARRY is going to have to do without an ace reporter for a while, the movement will have to do without one of its workers for a while, and we'll have to do without a friend. For a while.



David Eberhardt



Philip Berrigan



Louise Eberhardt



DAN BERRIGAN AND THE BREAD AND PUPPET CONSPIRACY

Rev. Dan Berrigan (currently being sought by the FBI — America's answer to the secret police) was last seen publicly at a "freedom seder" on April 17th at Cornell University. Speaking to a crowd of approximately 8,000 he said the following:

"I think it's only fair for the FBI to know what I intend to do... The evening belongs to the community. It does not belong to the FBI. They will get their licks in later... I don't think I should be put on the federal government's happy acres. If you think I should, I will surrender."

No one there was inclined to feel that Dan should do such a thing. Federal authorities miraculously sensed that any attempt to arrest Dan at the seder would be rather untactful and quite messy. Thus, according to Time magazine, Father Dan "was allowed to slip away." He had delivered his speech right before a performance by the Bread and Puppet Theater, an improvisational group well-known for their Hot Pastrami sandwiches. Dan, ingeniously disguised as a puppet was thus able to leave Cornell as a free agent of his own will. Federal authorities had no comment, although they did snarl a lot.

America Is Hard to Find

a poem by

Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

Hard to find;
Wild strawberries swans herons deer
those things we long to be
metamorphosis in and out
of our sweet sour skins
good news housing
Herefords holiness wholeness
Hard to find; we not found rare as radium
rent free
uncontrollable uncanny a chorus
Jesus Buddha Moses
Founding fathers hermits hope (in
hiding)
Hard to find; America
was a country among men
you may expect Vietnamese
to do well
if power is virtue, the powerless will
not be made to fear death
not the man who fears for death
flourishing no will
plants and wild animals
(But alas alas

so also vice versa)

Hard to find.
Good bread is hard to find!
Of course.
The hands are wielding swords
The wild animals fade out like
Alice's cat's smile
Americans hard to find
The defenseless fade away like
hundred year pensioners
The sour faced gorgons remain...
But listen brothers and sisters
this disk floataud
a flying saucer in the
macadam back yard where one
parade tree
a hardy weed
stands up its signal flare (spring!)
fly it! turn it on! become

hard to find become be born
out of the sea, Atlantis
out in the ocean America
This dish like manna
miraculous loaves and fishes
exists to be multiplied
savored shared
play it! learn it! have it by heart!

Hard to find!
where the frogs boom boom
in the spring twilight
search for the odor
of the evening
Follow it
man man is near
(though hard to find)
a life changing red
With an evening's rain
a heart!
imagine intelligence
imagine peaceful caring
food planting music making
hands
Imagine Come in!
P.S. Dear friends
I choose to be a jail bird
(one species is flourishing)
in a kingdom of fowlers
Like strawberries good bread
swans herons Great Lakes
I shall shortly be
hard to find
an exotic uneasy inmate of the
NATIONALLY ENDOWED
ELECTRONICALLY
INESCAPABLE ZOO
remember me I am
free at large
untameable not nearly
as hard to find as America

People who have been there, to my mind,
very seldom exploit the opportunities
associated with jail.... I don't see how a
movement can be built, except with a
complement in jail.

I think we are embarked on building a
revolution such as has never even been ex-
perimented with previously in the world's
history, an on-going thing. Revolution as
a lifestyle. Revolution as a check upon
power, with an emphasis upon the spiritual
element. We've got to start with
individuals and we've got to start building
this new kind of person which will
continue to allow human life on this
planet. One might say, 'Oh well, we
don't have time for that.' If we don't
have time for that, then it's hopeless.

— Father Philip Berrigan





Ginsberg Raps on Junkies' Fate

Allen Ginsberg invited us over to his pad last Sunday for a rap. He is an extremely friendly, warm cat and we asked him to simply talk and let us know what he was into these days. We discussed Leary's trial, paranoia, and a few other things but the main interest of Ginsberg now is junk and the Mafia which he explains in the following transcription.



"In New York state, according to the New York Times, 70% of the crimes in the streets is related to junk and 60% of the court cases are junk related; 40% of the male prisoners and 20% of the female prisoners are in jail on junk charges, while 75% of all prisoners are addicts. In short, the overloading and breakdown of the courts is due to the junk problem. The political problem of crime in the streets is actually a junk problem.

The inability of anyone to hear or talk to anyone or get representation through legal aid, the inability of judges to listen long enough to find out what the score is, the inability to pursue each case in a proper constitutional manner because of overloading is attributable to the overload of the courts on the junk problem.

Not just junkies being busted but junkies who have been stealing getting busted.

"It's an enormous fact to realize that the addicts are the one group that does not have a liberation front. They are the people who are suffering most in the court system. Until the junk problem and its structure is understood by the left and the right, there isn't going to be any chance to clear up the whole scene—including the paranoia, the courts and the police, because the junk problem is the seed of the police state here.

"There were reported 100,000 addicts in NYC on February 14, 1967 according to the Times. Efram Romera, who is Lindsay's narcotic advisor, said there was a total city-wide theft of \$8-\$10 million a day, which, multiplied by 365 runs into billions. This is responsible for the breakdown of morale in the slums, where it's not safe on the streets. It's not just the middle class who are scared; it's the people who live there, who are terrorized by 100,000 addicts running around in the streets. The Haight is a model of that here. The reason the situation has developed like that is that all the federal, state, and

local level narcotics police push junk, cocaine or whatever they can get their hands on, using blackmail and extortion.

"You can document this with items from the New York Times from 1967 on to this year. Beginning on Nov. 21 of 1967 a couple of policemen were held in a shakedown, and on Dec. 14 1967 they investigated three city detectives indicted for selling narcotics to

"It is profitable for the Narcotics Bureau to keep the junk scarcity and to keep the junk problem growing as much as possible so that more and more money can be made as business gets bigger and bigger. Also more and more appropriations and bigger jobs, more and more agents, bigger and bigger bureaucracy like in Parkinson's Law. It's a bureaucratic power grab like in the beginning when Anslinger, who started the problem as Deputy Commissioner of Prohibition, made a nepotistic power grab and married into the Mellon family, Andrew Mellon being Secretary of Treasury under three presidents. Anslinger was promoted to run the narcotics scene after the liquor prohibition was being phased over and he built an empire by means of propaganda and bullshit.

"So the legal situation going back to the letter of the law is that in the Lindner Decision of 1925, it was said that the Harrison Narcotics Act was not intended to interfere with proper doctor-patient relations, including ethical treatment of junk addiction by providing drugs to ease the pains consequent on addiction. In other words, legally the English system (where you give junk to junkies) works here. The reason it hasn't been done is that the narcotics bureau refuses to acknowledge that decision by the Supreme Court. So that every single junkie is in jail on unconstitutional grounds. The astounding thing is that the left has not even been scholarly enough to find this out. Junkies in

socially, morally and propaganda-wise, but nobody does.

"One element of the conspiracy is the escalation of the junk problem. While Operation Intercept was aimed at stopping marijuana, there was simultaneously a flood of junk in all of the big cities, especially New York. The price of junk doubled and the quality of junk decreased so much that there were hundreds of deaths from overdosing. Police pressures finally busted Owles and others in this area so there is less and less of a marijuana/acid culture and more and more of a speed/junkie culture which I attribute in great part to the activities of the police.

"The other aspect of the conspiracy is that all those junkies are giving their money to the mafia, because the mafia is supplying the junk. According to the New York Times, junk is the second largest illegal income for the mafia, the first being gambling. As it now stands, addiction is a criminal problem rather than a medical one. I would guess that on a state and federal level there must be some kind of working relationship between them in order to maintain the situation as it is. Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible for the mafia to import so much junk. If there is a collusion of interests I don't think enough people understand how that problem can be attacked morally.

"One solution is through the courts in terms of a couple of junkies getting together with a couple of doctors and a couple of lawyers and insisting on their rights. It is important to understand that they have the legal right to get junk. Junkies are more vulnerable than just its harder for them to organize, as it was hard for the gay liberation to organize. Besides junkies are so dependent on the connection, meeting him, getting burned by the connection. Going out and stealing makes it difficult to make an organizational meeting on time. Besides they would all be busted if they showed up. That means that the left has got to organize for the junkies.

LATER... AT THE PLAYGROUND



jail have been denied a constitutional right to go to the doctor for their illness. The doctors were driven out of the field by the Narcotics Bureau framing and blackmailing and threatening to pull their licenses. A doctor can treat a patient with methadone, morphine, or whatever legally according to the Supreme Court. The reason doctors do not treat junkies is because the Narcotics Bureau sends an agent in with pot to plant in their offices or to score for junk, then arresting the doctor for giving junk to a non-junkie.

"Between 1945 and 1950, 10,000 doctors in NY state were busted by the law and were threatened with suits by the Narcotics Bureau and had to withdraw from their practice, on account of illegal manipulation of the situation by the Narcotics Bureau. There was correspondence between Senator Javits' office and the Narcotics Bureau when Dr. Nicewander was originally experimenting with methadone, and the Narcotics Bureau was trying to make them formulate exactly what their official policy was in relation to doctors treating junkies. Alfred Lindsmith's classic book, *THE ADDICT AND THE LAW*, gives a complete political history of the whole problem. If people understood that background they would have the needed jujitsu to attack the problem legally,

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THE S.F. GOOD TIMES



International Ambiguity Day May 2nd

Spring cleaning got you down? Put down your mop! Brush aside your tawdry dustpan. Slip into your ambiguity costume, grab a kazoo and truck to Washington, D.C. this Saturday, May 2nd, for the first International Ambiguity Frolic. What is an ambiguity costume, you may ask? Adrian St. John Shuicer, Secretary General of the International Ambiguity Society and protagonist of the successful National Ambiguity Day of December 12, 1969, has offered the following suggestions:

"Come as a bug, spacewoman, cowboy, Indian, cocktail waitress, unmentionable corporal, shoe, fly, pie, librarian, sexagenarian, sectarian, sex fiend, slide photographer, sly pornographers, phonographs, graphs, graphologists, neo-platonic ideals, gnostic gnomes, yourself, your neighbor, Agnew's newborn grandchild. Come in your birthday suit, your Sunday suit, your Law-suit. Come in diaphanous gowns, painted as clowns, the King of Hearts, or teenage tarts. Come dressed as flowers, birds, and bees. Come as gorillas. There should be a lot of gorillas. There should be a gorilla theater doing King Lear. There should be gorilla warfare raging up and down the Mall, the corks of their guns popping furiously."

If you're going through an identity thing over your ambiguity costume, then just come as a cloud, a Magic Marker, or Glenn Ford. Bring all sorts of objects along to fascinate and astonish your fellow frolickers. Bring yo-yo's, balloons, frisbees, string, paper clips, guitars, coffee grounds, saxophones, flutes, flugel-horns, whipped cream, Swiss cheese, and a partridge in a pear tree.

The following list of activities has been planned for Saturday on the Mall and elsewhere:

At 10:30 a busload of ambiguity freaks will arrive at the Mall.

At 10:47 A.M. everyone in Washington will be asked to jump up and down for 3 minutes. This will cause earthquakes in the kingdom of Avars and utterly destroy their missile sites. If you arrive after this event, go to the Mall and look for the frolickers.

At 12:03 P.M. as many people as are needed will stand on the Ellipse (south of the White House) and eclipses the Ellipse.

At 2:22 P.M. there will be a blindfolded rolling contest starting from the Lincoln Memorial. The last one rolling into the reflecting pool will win a Lyndon Johnson dinner plate.

At 3:18 there will be a world's champion sack race down the Mall from 3rd Street to the Washington Monument. Bring your own sack.

At 3:58 everyone will meet at the National Collection of Fine Arts at 8th and G Streets, N.W. to take part in their "Children's Day" program (including American Indian dances, an African workshop, a performance of improvisational theater, and miscellany such as calliope and fire engine).

It's rumored that Captain Pissgums and his Scurvy Crew will be on hand with kegs of grog and salty tales of good men and their ships. Midnight the Cat has promised that a good time will be had by all. For further information call: International Ambiguity Society, 669-9200, ext. 22.

SONNY BONO DIED FOR YOU

by P. J. O'ROURKE

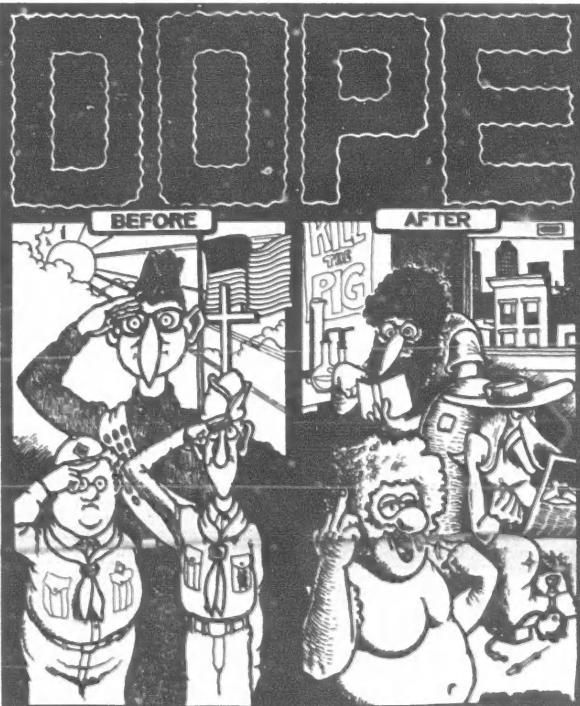
Sonny Bono (late of Sonny and Cher and long-time heavy soldier of the revolution) has scored a great victory for us and in so doing has made the Supreme Sacrifice.

Yes, Sonny Bono has sacrificed his precious *image* for the cause. He has laid down his image that we may be free, that we might fulfill our manifest destiny. But his image remains in the hearts and minds of revolutionaries everywhere. He is not lost, but gone before.

Sonny Bono has somehow managed to

young and a little inexperienced. They need this stem tutoring in identification. Sonny Bono lays the whole riff on them right away:

"Hi Kids! I'm Sonny Bono. And I'm here to tell you all about marijuana. Now I just know you won't listen to the Establishment. This is because every now and then (not very often but every now and then) the Establishment fibs! Yes it does. (Not very often.) But, see, I have long hair and a mustache and a Rock and Roll star shirt on. So you know you can trust me. Right kids? Riiight!!!"



film, produce, and distribute a cleverly disguised imperative to cosmic awareness, drug participation, and immediate revolution. To do this he had to disguise himself as a plastic cop-out nark jerk-off of the most unmentionable kind and narrate a sophisticated satire of establishmentarian films against drugs and rebellion. Of course, our low-mortality government and its ass-suck media sycophants, with their consistent lack of ironic sense, buy the film as a sincere and forthright endeavor and are distributing it all over everywhere.

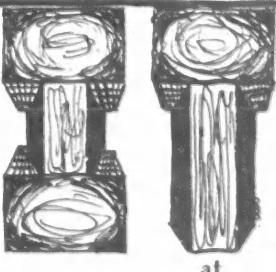
Thus they unwittingly air some of our best propaganda while paying Sonny lots of bread that'll go for more guns, bombs, and LSD.

The movie is wonderful. Truly wonderful. Right off the bat it starts in with an excellent and objective lesson to kids everywhere on how to tell a plastic cop-out nark jerk-off when you see one. Remember many of our people are very



This is such a beautiful approach. Sonny is teaching our young heads to always go deeper than visual vibes by purposefully looking real hip while talking like their 7th grade gym teacher giving sex education lectures. A look the kids think can't be trusted with a voice they know can't be. Lesson One!

Sonny says a lot more funny things and gets you down rolling on the floor with his tremendous rap, then shifts the scene to a bunch of frat-type straight kids



at
Everyday
People
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THURS. THRU. SUN.

9 P.M. - 2 A.M. 276-6765

smoking dope and making general asses out of themselves. They get busted almost immediately. So don't smoke with frat-type straight assholes! Lesson Two!

As these little assholes are being thrown in the Paddy Wagon we hear them making all kinds of foolish arguments for smoking grass. This scene is then cut up and used again in flash-backs to tie together the rest of the show - *a la* school-learn films. Each argument is then refuted at length with various Grade A government approved "facts." Don't argue - act! Lesson Three! "Fascists" are "Fascists." Lesson Four!

The refutation process is a real knee-slapper too, but mostly the usual shit, subtly over-done. Kids robbing to support their grass habits. Far-out trick photography bummers. Tragic car accidents. Ruined lives and broken bodies. The whole bit. A real kiddie, that Sonny Bono. However, two of the motifs used have unusually high satiric value and are really very original.

The first is a series of interviews with cretinous junkies where they tell how they all started out on grass. The beautiful irony of this! *These* are exactly the people who ought to speak for the establishment. The establishment operates on exactly the mentality level of a forty-year-old illiterate red neck junkie with an IQ of 80 and the revolutionary consciousness of a storm sewer. After all, as Burroughs so aptly points out, junk is the ideal product of consumption oriented capitalism. Nothing like having the dregs of your society come out and do a "Two Bits / Four Bits / Six Bits / A Dollar" for the American Way of Life. Junkies are full of shit. Lesson Five!

The second is another series of interviews. This time with a dozen or so teens so straight they couldn't get into YAF. They tell us how things aren't quite as neat-keen as maybe they ought to be, but golly gosh if we just keep our shoulders to the wheel and our noses up somebody's ass - things'll be just fine. This is interspersed with such glowing quotes as "even women have to work, at least until they get married." The gist of what these kids have to say is that they ain't getting laid, ain't getting stoned, ain't getting nothing but ulcers. Being in the revolution is obviously more fun than not being in the revolution. Lesson Six!

And more. And more. And more. Amazing, incredible, far fucking out and generally the most uplifting movie since Nancy Sinatra and Peter Fonda in "Wild Angels."

And this is the real low-down on the film *Marijuana*. At least it had better be the real low-down on the film *Marijuana*. If it isn't the real low-down on the film *Marijuana*, then God have mercy on Sonny Bono's soul.

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ sell HARRY
MAKE 10 CENTS PER COPY
STOP IN AT 233 E. 25th ST.
or call 243-2150

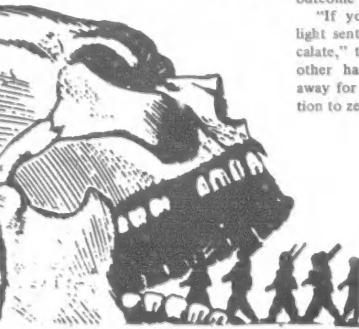
GI Movement

HARRY asked Mai Provost, member of GIs UNITED, just what the problem seems to be with our Armed Forces. Provost told us about GIs UNITED's work against the war and for GI rights.

Provost prefaced his comments by saying he is not the world's wildest radical and that he did not really deny that a democracy might need an army and that an army would need discipline. We agreed, suggesting the possibility of an invasion by gigantic green Martian blobs. He said, yes, that would be a good instance of a democracy's need for an army. Provost continued, saying that he did not believe that America has ever come to terms with what it means to have an army within a democracy and how such an army should be organized. He pointed out that true discipline would have to originate in some voluntarily shared beliefs or ideology, and not in fear as it does now. Asked where the basic difficulty in GI rights lies, he explained that the Military Code of Justice is actually pretty straightforward and not completely unjust. In fact, he said, military justice looks pretty good on paper. What GIs UNITED is most angry about is the gap (chasm) between the written Army law and its actual application. He said it was of paramount necessity that Army theory and Army practice be brought into focus. Either the Army must live up to its paper laws or the laws must be rewritten to jive with harsh reality. In the latter case, at least GIs would know where they stand. (And seeing where they stand, might be more willing to do something about it.)

Mal passes out the GIs UNITED newspaper, *Open Ranks*, outside his base. He supposedly has a perfect right to do so. So far, he said, they haven't actually tried to stop him, but he's under a lot of pressure about it. If his offense were worse, the pressure would be more severe.

The purpose of GIs UNITED is primarily to educate GIs as to the nature of their situation and to encourage them in a positive attitude toward changing it.



FEIFFER'S FABLES

WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE, SOLDIER?

FOLLOWING ORDERS, SIR!



BUT YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THE 25,000 TROOPS.

Nobody is one of the 25,000 troops, so I'm withdrawing on my own, SIR.

WHO ORDERED YOU TO JUST SIT THERE?

THE PRESIDENT SIR. HE ORDERED A 25,000 TROOP WITHDRAWAL...

BUT IF EVERY SOLDIER TOOK IT INTO HIS HEAD TO UNILATERALLY WITHDRAW, HOW WOULD WE EVER WIN THE WAR?

YOU GOT IT, SIR.

THE END.

City Council Gasses

Unvented Poor

by Thomas D'Antoni

Have you ever seen the face of a hired killer who enjoys his work? One who knows he has just killed? One who twists his face into a grotesque smirk?

I saw twelve killers loving every minute of their paid-off time on the job. I saw them while I was sitting at the press table at City Hall in the City Council Chambers.

They are the twelve City Council members who voted to delay banning gas fired unvented space heaters for eighteen months.

Oh, I forgot, HARRY readers may not know what gas fired unvented space heaters are. You may not have ever been poor enough. Or if you are it may be because you have chosen to be.

Poor people know what the heaters are.

They are supplied by slumlords to their tenants so that the tenants can have a little heat.

Why are the space heaters so bad? Well, they are *unvented* which means there is an open flame. Between five and ten people per year—mostly children—die from burns occasioned by their being too close to the heater and catching on fire. Many more are injured that way.

They are also gas fired. This means that they give off carbon monoxide gas. It's like having a car running inside your house 24 hours a day. You wake up groggy from inhaling the gas all night. If you wake up at all.

Yes the City Council voted to ban the heaters, but the killers on the Council amended the original bill so that there would be an 18 month delay in banning the heaters. That means that two more heating seasons will pass before the ordinance takes effect.

Dig this, super-reactionary Baltimore County and Conservative Anne Arundel County banned the heaters **YEARS** ago. Here is that, friends?

The roll call came up and one by one the councilmen smiled and snirked and voted to kill. Five of the members did not vote for the amendments. They played their martyr roles before the tele-



CITY COUNCILMAN DOMINIC
"MIMI" DiPIETRO

Would You Buy a Used Heater From This Man?

vision cameras when it came time for them to vote for the bill. Righteously angry with the other Councilmen in their speeches on the floor, the five reverted to form after the session, fondling and kissing the asses of the other Councilmen.

Why did they do it? You figure it out. It's not hard.

You should have been there. It would have been a way to test your violence quotient (V.Q.)

If I had had a gun....I don't know.

They're killers. Smiling killers. Did you ever have to make up your mind.



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LIVING ECOLOGICALLY

A HANDBOOK OF PERSONAL ACTION

special **harry** supplement

prepared by The Baltimore Ecology Center

(Editor's note: The flippant comments dotting this article were inserted by our flippancy editor, and are not meant to reflect upon the character of the Ecology Center—which is serious and high-minded.)

INTRODUCTION:

Ecology is the way living things, including man, relate to one another and to the earth, air and water to support life on the planet. Man is an endangered species. His existence is threatened because his technology is upsetting the delicate ecological balance that is the basis of all life. Technology alone cannot restore the balance—we must look at the way we live our lives. Human beings are one species among many. Every activity of man is done within the context of ecology. Living in accord with these ecological principles begins to insure a life of quality and meaning. Ignoring these principles is surely courting extinction.

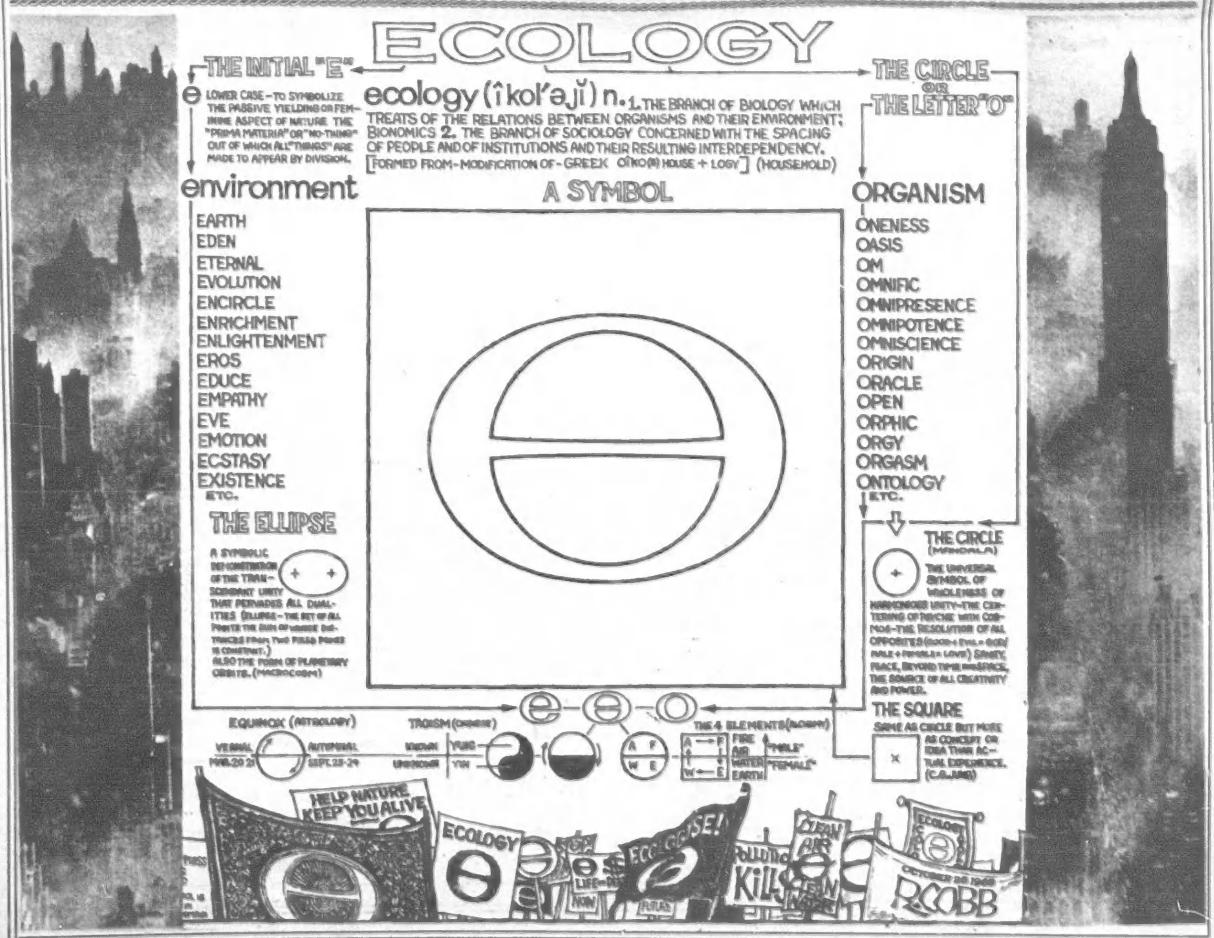
This handbook is a beginning attempt to list some specific ways in which individual people can help

to eliminate environmental destruction. These small steps will not end pollution, but they are conspicuous acts of conscience that will help larger numbers of people to live ecologically sound lives. As consumers and citizens we can affect corporate and governmental decisions; as people we can experience the very real satisfaction of relating positively to our environment and feeling a warm sense of community with each other and the world.

POPULATION:

At the heart of every ecological problem today is the phenomenal multiplication of people beyond the Earth's capacity to support them. It took several million years for the earth's population to reach two billion (in 1930), but a second two billion will have been added by 1975. Some 10 to 20 million people will starve to death this year, and a general famine of incredible proportions is expected by many experts as early as 1975 or 1980. At present rates of growth, the U.S. will have to build the equivalent of one new city of 250,000 inhabitants every 20 days for the

- rest of the century.
- Have fewer children (one or two at most).
- Adopt children.
- Support liberalized abortion laws, family limitation programs, etc.
- Support free access for everyone to birth control information and devices. Encourage birth control programs for all groups, not just the poor and minority groups.
- Support legalization of voluntary abortion, and voluntary male and female sterilization.
- Offer annual bonuses for couples with only two children or less.
- Liberate women. Let them make decisions about their own children or non-children.
- RECYCLING—NOT 'THROWING AWAY':**
Every act of Man has ecological consequences.
Nothing is free, and nothing can be thrown away.
- Natural processes are a system of cycles. All things on the planet must work together to maintain natural resources to produce things. We often interfere.





"O LORD, WHAT HAVE WE DONE"

rupts a cycle. The idea behind recycling is to channel an item, once used, back into the system, thereby recycling it. The alternative to recycling is indiscriminate dumping and 'disposal', resulting in pollution of our air, land and water.

We can reduce the amount of waste we produce by considering what happens to each thing we purchase. Packaging will play an important role here. Things like cellophane, waxed paper, styrofoam, and plastics are not bio-degradable (i.e. they will not break down in water or in soil). Many of these items cannot be burned since they release poisonous gases or other pollutants into the atmosphere. These kinds of packaging are largely unsuitable for reusing or recycling, and hence will be present in the form of trash on our planet for many years.

PAPER, PLASTICS, AND PACKAGING:

Most supermarkets are ecological horror shows, in terms of the phenomenal amount of excess packaging and potential trash on their shelves. Some things you can do:

Look for unpackaged goods, and patronize stores that carry them (e.g. large public markets such as the Lexington Market, smaller stores, bakeries, butchers, etc.). We hope to obtain more specific information about the location of such stores soon.

Don't buy products with merely decorative and unnecessary packaging.

Try to avoid non-biodegradable packaging, such as cellophane, plastics, styrofoam (it lasts 1,000 years!), waxed paper, etc. If you can't avoid buying such things, re-use them as long as possible.

Return excessive and non-destructable packaging to your store, and ask them to return it to the manufacturer. (This is good group activity, if you feel uncomfortable doing it alone).

Paper products are dead trees (not to mention the pollution from paper mills and trash heaps). Reduce consumption of paper products by:

Sharing magazines, books, newspapers, reading them in the library. (A single issue of the New York Times requires 160 acres of trees.)

Avoiding or minimizing the use of paper towels, napkins, paper diapers, paper cups, paper plates, etc.

Bringing your own shopping bag to the store (or using last week's.)

Using lunch boxes rather than paper bags.

Writing on both sides of paper, re-using paper

printed on one side.

Avoiding buying milk in waxed paper cartons. Re-use cardboard boxes, then give them to waste-paper companies.

Collect all forms of waste-paper—newspapers, magazines, boxes, leaflets, packaging, etc.—then take it to the waste-paper salvage company nearest you.

Waste paper salvage companies in Baltimore take only newspapers and magazines.

These Companies will take small amounts (30 lbs. and up):

Eutaw Waste Paper 729-8240
304 N. Poppleton Street

North-West Waste 523-4836
1320 Presstman Street

C&M Scrap 327-5172
3700 Banks Street

These Companies will take large amounts only (500 - 1,000 lbs.):

F. Bohager & Sons 276-1221
515 S. Eden Street
(one ton or more)

Modern Junk Salvage 669-8290
1423 N. Fremont Avenue
(300 lbs. or more)

Reduce the amount of packaging that you use by buying food in large quantities (which usually saves money anyway), and by making things that most people buy, such as bread, crackers, yogurt, jam, applesauce, soups, etc.

Take your own basket or home-made grocery bag (canvas or net) to the store, and pack them yourself — don't accept paper bags.

BOTTLES AND CANS:

"Disposable" bottles and cans are proliferating everywhere. We in America throw away 33 million bottles every day, in addition to mountains of virtually indestructible aluminum cans.

Buy soft drinks and other beverages in returnable bottles—it's cheaper for you and for all of us. We are paying for the "convenience" of throwaway cartons and bottles by increased disposal costs and de-

struction of the environment, as well as a higher purchase price. Coke costs 0.85 cents/fluid ounce in 16 oz. deposit bottles, 1.02 cents/oz. in 16 oz. one way bottles, and 1.36 cents/oz. in 12 oz. aluminum cans.

Write to the National Soft Drink Association, 1128 16th St. N.W. Washington D.C. 20036; tell them and your local grocer to continue the deposit bottle. A typical deposit bottle is returned 20 times.

If you have no-deposit bottles and jars on hand, you can recycle them by taking them to the Maryland Glass Corp., 2147 Wilconico St., Baltimore; Tel. 837-3700; open Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, 9-3 PM. They will accept glass in any quantity, and they pay a standard price of \$20/ton for clear glass and \$13/ton for mixed (colored) glass. Or if you'd like, bring them down to the Ecology Center, and we will take it down.

Buy milk in deposit bottles—High's Stores sell it that way, and so do some markets. Don't purchase liquids sold in milk-white plastic containers. This material is polyvinyl chloride. When burned, polyvinyl chloride produces a very strong hydrochloride acid mist which can destroy nearby vegetation as well as the inside of an incinerator.

ORGANIC GARBAGE

At the beginning of the '60's the average American threw away 4.2 lbs. of waste daily. Now we throw away nearly 5.5 lbs. of waste per day. It is estimated that ten years from now the per capita waste will be 8 lbs./day. We produce 3 1/2 billion tons of solid waste annually. In addition to recycling and reusing paper, metal, and plastic, you can:

Keep a bucket in your kitchen for food scraps, or start a compost bin in your back yard. You can use this organic material to fertilize the soil, rather than polluting it. Bury it in your yard (or a friend's yard, if you don't have one) about 6 inches below the surface, so that it won't attract dogs or flies. Any organic wastes can go into your compost—coffee grounds, egg shells, vegetables, meat scraps, hair, the contents of your vacuum cleaner bag, even kitty litter; anything except paper or plastics.

Start a family campaign to see how little you have to throw away.

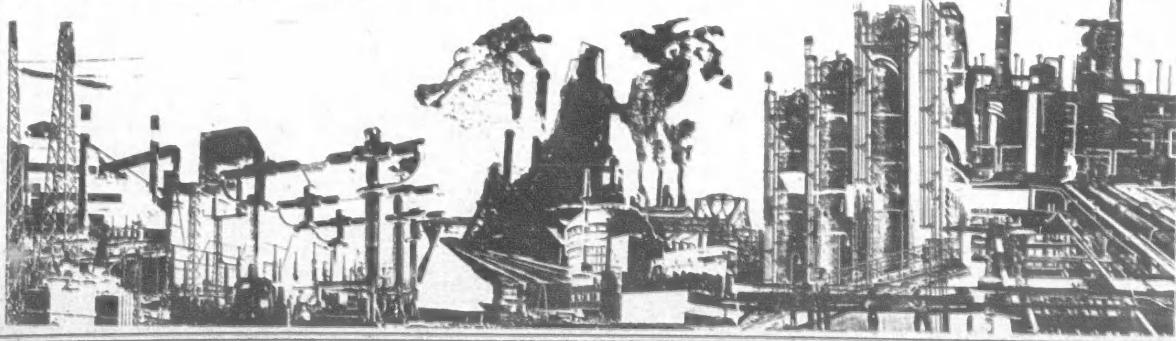
Don't burn trash or leaves.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES CLEANER THAN OUR DRINKING WATER?

The vast amount of detergent waste pouring into our water supply is causing serious ecological consequences. The water is polluted with detergent compounds which do not decompose before the water is reused—so do use *biodegradable* products whenever possible. Also, the water is being fertilized by detergent phosphates which cause increased growth of algae scum and other vegetation which clog our rivers and lakes. When this growth becomes too dense, it dies and is decomposed by bacteria, causing both a terrible stench and a decrease in the oxygen level, sometimes killing many species of water life.

Although detergents are the source of only about one-third of the phosphate waste in our water (human waste accounts for most of it), the use of low- or non-phosphate detergents can really help. The following is a list of the percentages of phosphates in major detergent brands:

Axon	43.7%	Gain	24.4%
Biz	40.4%	Duz	23.1%
Bio-Ad	35.5%	Bonus	22.3%
Salvo	35.3%	Breeze	22.2%
Oxydol	30.7%	Cheer	22.0%
Tide	30.6%	Fab	21.6%
Bold	30.2%	Cold Power	19.9%
Ajax	28.2%	All	9.8%
Punch	25.8%	Wisk	7.6%
Drive	25.3%	Trend	1.4%
Dreft	24.5%		



The Amway Corp., Ada, Mich., makes a whole line of biodegradable cleaning products, including a completely phosphate-free, all-purpose detergent called Liquid Organic Concentrate. These can be obtained through the center or by calling Barbara Rothgaber at 467-9190. We hope to be getting more information on detergents soon.

WATER CONSERVATION:

Place several bricks in the flush tank of every toilet you use. This will reduce the amount of water used without decreasing the efficiency of the toilet. Potential saving per day in Ann Arbor equals 3,000,000 gallons. Keeps kilos moist too.

Do not use colored tissue, colored paper, or colored napkins. Dyes released in the manufacturer's effluent pollute streams visually and biologically.

Smoke dope in the dark.

Turn off or request that officials turn off all drinking fountains or bubbler which flow continually in hallways, public places, etc.

Jerk-off in the dark.

Let your lawn or yard go "natural". Instead of massive watering or irrigation efforts, plant vegetation which can flourish under normal rainfall conditions with a variety of species.

Meditate in the dark.

Switch light bulbs not used for reading to lower wattage bulbs. Be conscious that lower electrical power consumption reduces home or office operating costs and reduces thermal water pollution loads at the electrical generating plant.

Fuck in the dark.

If your bathtub has a shower, the next time you take a shower put the plug in position to measure how much water is used during your shower. After comparing the volume used for a shower versus a bath, use whichever saves more water.

Showers with some friends.

Collect waste water or effluent from public or private water users and deliver them to the company or agency as a reminder that their activity is frowned upon and corrective action should be taken. Personally visit the plant manager and throw the waste water at him.

Take personal steps to see oil and other products do not leak out of your car onto the streets and driveways. Demand that only limited application of salt be permitted on your city streets. Consider the salt damage to lawns, trees, water conditions. It would be interesting to see what, if any, reduction in accidents salting has provided.

ON KEEPING ON TRUCKING

Automobiles are lethal weapons. They kill \$0,000 people each year in highway accidents, and countless others are wounded (not to mention all the animals other than people that are struck by cars every day). Over half of the air pollution over our cities (50-60% up to 84% in Los Angeles) comes from automobile emissions. Because of the automobile, over two-thirds of the surface area of Los Angeles is covered with pavement, and other cities are not far behind. Our present suburban sprawl and urban blight can be traced directly to the automobile. Cars enable more affluent people to come into the inner city, pollute its air and streets, and then put the city's problems out of their mind as they return to the more comfortable suburbs.

Automobiles encapsulate and dehumanize people. Daily traffic jams and commuter traffic make jealous, irritable, and fiercely competitive drivers out of otherwise normal people. New superhighways put people (mostly poor people) out of their homes, cut huge swaths through rapidly disappearing wilderness areas, and create a constant, far-reaching roar that we have come to accept as normal.

Consider the alternatives, in terms of carrying capacity on a 12-ft. wide highway corridor:

1. Auto - one 12-ft. wide highway lane can carry a maximum of 3,600 passengers per hour.

2. Bus - half-filled buses can carry 60,000 people per hour - 17 times as many as the auto.

3. Trains - half-filled trains will transport 42,000 passengers per hour - 12 times as many as the auto.

4. Bicycle - a highway lane can comfortably hold two bicycle lanes, allowing 10,600 passengers per hour to pass, almost 3 times as many as the auto.

5. Walking - a path the width of a highway lane can accommodate 6,200 walkers per hour, 1.7 times as many as the auto.

Some things you can do:

Smash and destroy automobiles, especially police cars.

Use, support, and help fight for improvement of all forms of public mass transportation, particularly trains and buses. (Trains, especially, require less

right-of-way, are quieter, and produce less pollution per passenger).

Post information about bus schedules at street corners and bus stops. (This is a good neighborhood group activity).

Try to think of ways to avoid using your car, such as learning to walk longer distances, hitch-hiking, organizing car pools, riding bicycles, even horses. You'll probably feel better when you arrive, too, if you don't have to fight auto traffic behind a wheel.

If you must drive: Don't drive alone (it's absurd to see enormous traffic snarls of cars with only the driver inside). Make sure you have an adequate smog abatement device installed on your car, and keep it maintained (it's performance depends on constant maintenance). Keep your car well tuned - it pollutes less that way. Try to avoid unnecessary idling.

Pick up hitch-hikers.

If you must buy a car: Keep your car as long as possible, to cut down on the production of cars (and smog-producing, electricity-consuming steel). Buy a used car if you can. Buy a car with a smaller engine - it burns less fuel, thus reducing air pollution.

Buy unleaded gasoline, such as Amoco.

Investigate converting your car's engine to propane fuel, and reduce harmful emissions by 50%. The cost of propane is about 24 cents a gallon (although mileage is about 3% less). Write the Ecology Center for more specific information.

Write letters to the automobile manufacturers, urging them to abandon the internal combustion engine now - they do have the technology to convert to steam or electric cars.

Support the closing off of urban areas to automobile traffic, with the eventual goal of virtually eliminating the automobile.

Support emission control standards for jet planes; boycott the new 747 and fight further development of the SST.

PESTICIDES AND HERBICIDES ARE ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE

Even if we stop using DDT today, the millions of pounds that we have produced in the last 25 years (1960 production of DDT was 103.5 million pounds) will be with us for around 200 years. Americans now average 12 parts per million of DDT in their fatty tissue. (Studies in California and Florida found that Black people have twice the DDT in their bodies as do whites.) According to FDA standards, Americans are now unfit to eat! Babies now receive more DDT in their mother's milk than is permitted in cow's milk. Current levels of DDT are 10% of the concentration necessary to kill off phytoplankton, which produces half of the oxygen we breathe.

Many herbicides, like pesticides, may have unknown long-range effects, and hence are potentially dangerous. Dow Chemical's 2,3,5-T has been widely used for defoliation in Vietnam, in addition to brush-clearing operations in this country (along railroads and in wild areas.) Dr. Dubridge, Nixon's science advisor, has said, "Offspring of mice and rats, given large doses of 2, 3, 5-T were found to have relatively higher than expected number of deformities." Dow also makes 2,4-D (dangerous to human beings in heavy doses) and highly persistent (at least two years of effectiveness) defoliant.

Pesticides and herbicides (weed killers) are too often used to upset or to compensate for previous upsets (this compounding the problem) in the ecological balance of a piece of land. An easier way to maintain a balanced ecosystem is to plant a mixture of trees, shrubs, or garden plants instead of a single crop of monoculture.

Pick weeds by hand, rather than killing them and endangering other life.

Avoid the Shell "No-Pest Strip" in the innocent looking gold box. It exudes a powerful nerve poison that has been found to contaminate food.

Learn to like harmless insects.

Stop the war in Vietnam.

Chemical poisons should not be used for pest control except when absolutely necessary for health or economic reasons. Chemical poisons should never be used for nuisance pests like midges or mosquitoes. Never dispose of pesticides by emptying into a water supply. Call local health offices for disposal methods.

Consider alternatives before using chemical poisons. If you must use a chemical poison, follow these guidelines:

Use only recommended dosages.

Use at the proper time of year.

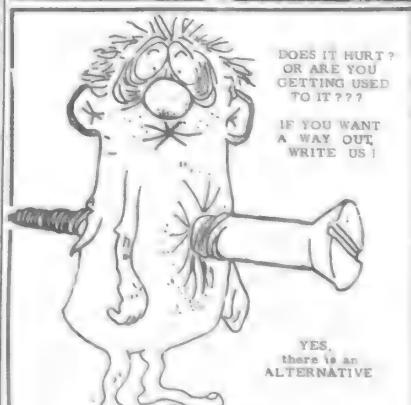
Do not under any circumstances use the following: (Check Labels Carefully)

DDT, DIELDRIN, LINDANE, CHLORDANE, HEPTACHLOR, ENDRIN, ALDRIN, BHD, Q, 4, S, 4-D, TAXAPHENE, or any compound containing lead, mercury, or arsenic.

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The Cuyahoga River, which recently caught fire, near Lake Erie.



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ing ROTENONE, SEVIN, MALATHION, PYRETHRUM, and METHOZYCHLOR.

Avoid direct contact with the pesticides used including the mists. Some, such as PARATHION, can be absorbed through the skin, directly, and cause serious damage.

Apply carefully, and only where necessary. Never near food or water.

Never kiss a Real Kill bottle.

Removal of dead or diseased plants reduces the sources of pest populations.

Remove weeds in lawns by hand rather than by applying herbicides.

Accept produce with blemishes caused by insects or plant diseases. Farmers are often forced to use chemical sprays merely to save the appearance of produce.

Block the use of herbicides on roadside vegetation. Encourage the development of hedgerows with a pleasant visual effect. Varied road-side vegetation serves as a valuable source of insect predators.

NOISE

We are coming to accept as normal high levels of noise, especially in urban areas. Studies have shown that random and unpredictable noises produce irritation and frustration, as well as dramatic declines in work efficiency even after the noise is stopped. Rats born of mothers exposed to noise pollution during pregnancy had more difficulty in learning maze patterns than rats born of unstressed mothers. Some rats, under prolonged noise exposure, have turned homosexual. And some well-informed scientists reckon that if city noise continues to rise as it is presently rising, by one decibel a year, everyone will be stone deaf by the year 2000. (All facts from the N.Y. Times).

Support local noise pollution ordinances, and get them strengthened.

Be sure your own muffler, radios, air conditioners, TV's etc., are not part of the noise problem.

Be sure that motorcycles, model airplanes, construction equipment, boats, etc., have adequate noise control devices.

Support efforts to ban sonic booms. Join the Citizens League against Sonic Booms.

Make a tape recording of your local environment and play it back at City Council Meetings to support demands for noise control.

Provide noise-free bubbles or cubicles in city parks for everyday use.

Encourage the Federal Aviation Agency to set noise abatement standards for airlines.

FOODS

Be good to yourself—you are what you eat. The ecosystem over which you have closest control is your own body. It seems absurd that in a world dominated by hunger, malnutrition and starvation, the well-fed minority abuse their privilege by diluting, polluting, poisoning, processing to death, (and outright destroying, as with our enormous surpluses) our increasingly precious food supply. Survival of *homo sapiens* means finding new ways of distribution and non-processing of food with an eye toward maximum nutrition and taste for reconstitution of bland but profitable food "products".

Avoid "enriched" bread (partial and artificial "enrichment" is small compensation for the natural vitamins and minerals that are bleached out of flour and processed out of cotton-wool bread.

Bake your own bread – it's cheaper, tastes better, and is much better for you.

Cut down on the amount of meat that you eat. It takes ten times as much grain to feed a cow as it does to feed a human being. Also, "the theoretical minimum water to sustain living standards is about 300 gal. a day per person. This is the approximate amount of 2 lbs. bread and 1 lb. beef would require about 2500 gallons." (Lord Ritchie Calder, "Foreign Affairs"). A vegetarian's grocery bill is less than half that of a carnivore.

Grow an organic garden (no pesticides or inorganic fertilizers) – again, it's cheaper, and a way to ensure the purity of the food you eat.

Patronize local farmers, and talk to them about pesticides, chemicals, additives, fertilizers, etc. Also check into these books: *Natural Foods Cookbook*, Beatrice Trum Hunter (Pyramid Books, N.Y., 1969, \$9.95 paperback); *Organic Food Shopper's Guide*, published by "Organic Gardening" magazine, Rodale Press, Emmaus, Pa. 18049, \$1.00; *Walnut Acres Natural Foods Catalog*, Penns Creed, Pa. (Free).

Stop Smoking tobacco – it's difficult to stop but it's a commitment to stop polluting your own body.

Try fasting for a day. It will help you to appreciate in a small way the hunger and starvation that many people experience right now – it might also give you a glimpse of your own future.

Legalize (but not commercialize) grass.

LIVING AS A PART OF NATURE

We are all part of one another. As Alan Watts says, our food, and hence our bodies, were once other living bodies and plants: "We are other creatures rearranged... Ecology shows beyond doubt that the individual organism and its environment are a continuous stream, or field of energy." We cannot live unless other organisms live; hence, in a sense we are all different aspects of a single organism. "It is as necessary to have air, water, plants, insects, birds, fish and mammals as it is to have brains, hearts, lungs, and stomach... The Sun, the Earth and the forests are just as much features of our own bodies as our brains. Erosion of the soil is as much a personal disaster as leprosy, and many "growing communities" are as disastrous as cancer.

Living with an ecological awareness means seeing strip-mining, bulldozing, and wholesale destruction of natural areas as inflicting wounds or aberrations on the Earth's fragile (but fortunately self-healing) surface. It means valuing, and giving our children the opportunity to experience and value, beautiful and oxygen-giving greenery. (This goes for all our children, not just the ones in the suburbs.) We can help heal the Earth's wounds by planting things and watching them grow.

Living ecologically also means living economically. The United States has 7% of the world's population, yet we use almost 70% of the annual total removal of the Earth's nonreplaceable natural resources. Our growing population combines with our frenetic consumption to pollute and destroy the whole world, thus contributing to the inequality and instability that causes the ultimate ecological disaster. War.

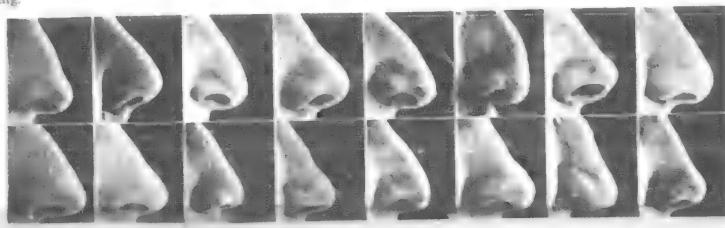
Living ecologically means sharing the earth's gifts, not hoarding, exploiting, or fighting over them. Real sharing will require new concepts of "ownership", new forms of social organization, and new patterns of living.

We can live economically by reducing our demands for energy: using less electricity; giving up many luxuries that have come to be necessities, at least until all people in our country and in the world have at least the basic necessities for survival; (14,000 people will starve to death today); putting a sweater on instead of heating our houses to 70 or 80 degrees (with an outside temperature of 30, the cost of heating a house to 80 is three times the cost of heating it to 60 and 25 times the cost of heating it to 40). We should allow ourselves the joy of discovering the very real satisfactions in leading a simpler life.

Living ecologically is knowing and caring about the consequences of all our daily activities. This calls for a new kind of compassionate responsibility and a sense of urgency as if our lives depended on it, because they do, in the most direct and real way. Living ecologically means not only feeling the suffering of this scarred and plundered planet, but also (and even more critical) feeling the suffering of people, whether they are poor, Blacks, alienated and isolated Whites, or rural Asians who are losing their lives, their crops, and their ancestral homes in the senseless slaughter of war. No other species on this planet does such a good job of killing itself through organized mass violence or through suffocation in its own wastes.

Poor people receive the brunt of all this self-destruction. Perhaps the present crisis in survival will force us together to save ourselves. We are our environment. Survive, yes, but let's make the world and our society worth surviving for.

ALL POWER TO THE PLANTS & ANIMALS



*The kind of men
who think we're great
are the kind of men
who think suits should be
shaped like them.*

BRANDAU'S

Greenmount Ave. & 33rd St

JACK BRANDAU CB-3-9526 LES WITTEN

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by STEPHEN HOWARD MD

Q. I'm writing to you because I don't have anyone else to turn to and I'm desperate! We went over to a friend's house for dinner and he's a eucalyptus freak and put Noxema in all our food. Everyone else got stoned but I didn't. This week I missed my period. Could I be pregnant?

Help Piece

A. Noxema jars growing out of eucalyptus trees commonly make people pregnant. Could this letter have been written by a koala bear?

Thanks for the put-on, it adds a little fun to my day.

Q. Your chart on drugs has been very useful in explaining things to me in short and easy to understand form. One question. Can you give an overall safety rating for each of the drugs you mentioned? Also coffee? And tobacco?

A. Rating them between zero and 3, with zero being pretty safe, and 3 being very dangerous and I wouldn't go near it. Considering the short and long term dangers plus the hazard of addiction or habituation, I would list the drugs as follows:

barbiturates	2
alcohol	2
amphetamines	3
narcotics	3
cannabinols	0
LSD	2
mescaline	1
psilocybin	3
DMT	1
STP	3
tobacco	2
coffee	0

Q. I would like to know all the safe contraceptive methods for women that are 100% effective most of the time. Thank you.

A. The one absolutely foolproof method is not to have sex. This is not necessarily a recommended technique. Sterilization works well, and hysterectomy is completely effective.

The pills, if taken carefully and properly, are close enough to 100% that no one can tell the difference. Their effectiveness falls off sharply with human error.

The intrauterine device (coil, loop, bow, etc.) is also very close to 100%, though not quite. It has the advantages that the woman does not need to remember anything — once it is in, the problem is taken care of.

The diaphragm and the condom are not as good, but still useful — their range is probably around 90-95%. Vaginal foams are unreliable, and I know of a good number of "Emco babies." Other techniques are even worse.

Q. Last Friday I dropped a tab of acid, my first trip in well over two months. During the trip I had several bad experiences: I took off all my clothes, tried to jump from a moving auto, and did many other things that I would not normally do but that seemed to be all right at the time.

Is there a free clinic or a health agency where I could discuss these actions with someone? I don't feel an urgent need for psychiatric help but do have many questions that I cannot answer.

A. People often do unusual things under acid, but when these things are frightening or self-destructive, they often indicate some hostile or uncomfortable feelings toward or about oneself. This also seems true when you indicate that

you are troubled about some unanswered questions and would like to discuss them with someone. While there does not seem to be any urgency, I would advise you or anyone else with similar experiences to seek out professional help.

Your best bet is to go to some large city hospital, especially one where there is a medical school and/or psychiatric training program; these places almost always have psychiatric clinics. These are sometimes free, and sometimes carry a small fee which is far less than that charged by a private psychiatrist.

Q. My man is a beautiful person and I truly love him. But there is one very small problem. He snores, and it drives me crazy. What can we do about this? He loves me, and is willing to try whatever you suggest.

A. People rarely snore except when they are sleeping on their backs. So one solution is an anti-snore ball, a rubber ball which attaches to the back of the pajamas between the shoulders and prompts the person to roll onto his side or stomach. If he doesn't wear pajamas, a cord around the wrist, with the other side tied to the side of the bed, will have the same effect. Another solution is for you to wear ear plugs. Or, you can strangle him.

Love Me,

I'm a Liberal

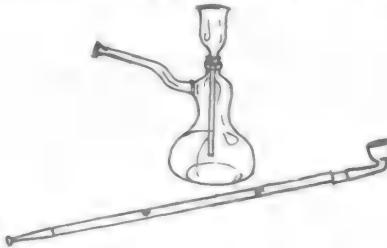
Congressional Record
No. 1: Racism

Is Judge Carswell so unusual? Not according to Representative H. R. Gross (R., Iowa), who produced two Maryland deeds subject to the following covenant:

"None of the lots above can be sold, leased to, or occupied by any person of Negro blood except as to occupancy by domestic servants while employed on the premises by the owner."

The owners: Mr. and Mrs. H. Humphrey (1948-1964), and Mr. and Mrs. George McGovern (1957-1969). McGovern resold his house subject to the same covenant. (March 3, 1970, p. H1404)

How Not To Get Burned



Distant Drummer/FRINS

When purchasing large quantities of LSD, mescaline, psilocybin, etc. always follow these simple rules:

1. Do your dealing straight over the table. Do not front your money.
2. If holding a large amount of money do not go alone with people you do not know and trust. If the deal looks shady, do not bring a gun or weapon to protect yourself as this may lead to violence, injury, and legal trouble. When in doubt, don't deal. Most trouble ensues from "greed" and impatience. These are two "deadly sins" which deserve no place in the psychedelic culture.
3. Always select one random tablet or capsule from the batch you are going to purchase. Do not accept any food or beverage from the seller. It sometimes happens that real LSD is slipped into a cup of coffee while all of the capsules are duds.

Never from your money to a connection. It is risky and unnecessary. He is making his profit, let him operate with his own capital. If you front money to him and he gets busted after procuring the grass, you must sustain the loss. There is no ethical premise by which you could demand payment.

BEWARE!

Some unscrupulous types posing as legitimate and honest dealers will take your money, then tell you that they were stopped by the police and a) HAD to ditch the grass, b) the cop took the grass, but didn't bust them, c) they were busted, but the case was dropped on grounds of illegal search and seizure. (Police do not return illegally seized marijuana to its rightful owner.)

Another way that people frequently get taken is the double door trick. Your connection leaves you to wait outside while he goes into a building to purchase the commodity (with your money). Your friend goes out the back exit. And you stand there waiting.

Be safe. Buy only from a reputable dealer. Fortunately, most dealers are honest and dependable. But there are always those few who are lacking in moral fiber.

Do not attempt to smuggle marijuana into the U.S.A. from Mexico. It is tempting because the price is so low. But it is foolish. Border customs searches are often very thorough. Federal penalties are severe and for a small amount it's not worth the risk. The

Mexican Federal Police usually know where the marijuana fields are, and pay the farmers to inform on Americans to whom they sell the grass. The farmer even gets back the grass he sold you. Most Mexican farmers are good people, but if you do not know your source, you are taking a chance.

May the Breath of God be always upon your lips □

U.F.O.

shot down

The New York Times reported on April 29 that three operators of a coffee house in Columbia, S.C., that catered to GIs have been sentenced to SIX YEARS in jail for "operating a public nuisance."

The prosecution case was built around allegations of loud music, drug use, the corrupting influence of underground newspapers that contained four-letter words, and the allegation that the coffee house attracted crowds of undesirable people.

U.F.O. Coffee House, Inc. was also fined \$10,000.

ACLU lawyers representing the three intend to appeal the decision.

Appeal bond was set at \$7,500 each. The judge in the case was E. Harry Agnew (no shit).

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Record Review



SWEET BABY JAMES. James Taylor (Warner Bros. 1843)

It's hard to think of an artist who has been so poorly treated as James Taylor. His first album, for Apple Records, was overwhelmingly beautiful, each song was a carefully crafted melodic gem, and the lyrics were evocative and poetic without being pretentious. And there was something about his sad and strange voice that grabbed you immediately, in much the same way we were touched when we first heard McCartney singing "Yesterday." Taylor should have joined the top ranks of modern song writers with his debut album.

Instead, Capitol did a terrible job of distribution, and nobody really bothered to promote him, except for running an occasional ad in *Billboard*. The FM stations gave him even less airplay than such deservedly obscure groups as H.P. Lovecraft and Ultimate Spinach. So, Taylor remained in the minor leagues of the mu-

sic world, building up a small following in the coffee houses of Eastern colleges.

To top it off, when Allen Klein moved into Apple, Taylor was thrown overboard as part of the clean-up. And at the Newport Folk Festival, what should have been Taylor's big break was reduced to a fifteen minute set in the rain. It appeared then that Taylor might be going the way of countless other one album performers who are remembered only by a few stray fans, and record company librarians.

Fortunately, Warner Brothers/Reprise decided to sign him, and his second album, *Sweet Baby James*, is already in the 20's on the charts, and climbing rapidly. James Taylor is at last getting the wider audience that he always deserved.

The new album has it all over the first in a very important area: arrangements. The first album was marred by cloying, mawkish strings that often detracted from Taylor's fine guitar work. This time around, though, the arrangements are far crisper, featuring mostly Taylor's fine voice and acoustical guitar.

The songs themselves are excellent, but they do sound vaguely similar to each other, and it takes a while to figure out one song from another. But each one is similarly blessed with a fine melody and strong lyrics.

The title song, "Sweet Baby James," is very..... American. But good American, like cowboy songs by the fire, or Woody Guthrie. The melody is amazingly infectious, and it enters your mind like only the truly great songs can. It is such an instant folk classic that it's hard to imagine that it was actually composed by a person. Songs this good are supposed to drift into American musical tradition by a sort of musical osmosis, welling up out of the people and soil, until it is just, there, to be learned and loved at all the

campfires and schoolrooms of the nation.

Equally fine is the song "Fire and Rain," a sad and poignant ballad. The melody, as usual, is stunning, as Taylor plaintively sings, "Won't you look down upon me Jesus you've got to help me make a stand/ You've just got to see me through another day/ My body's aching and my time is at hand/ And I won't make it any other way." The whole album, though, is suffused with this strain of melancholy. In other words, it is not a light album, and even the fast and should-be-happy songs aren't really, because Taylor's voice is ringed with pain and suffering.

But it's fascinating to hear the way he handles his funky material - "Steam Roller," "Oh Baby Don't You Loose Your Lip on Me," and the second half of "Suite for 20G." He doesn't even try to sound black, but he toys with his voice like an accomplished jazz singer, bending and shaping the notes the way few pop singers can. He does, I think, give the emotion of the blues - without trying a pale imitation. And as a dump on white blues singers, he finishes the album with R&B exclamations like "Loo-ky here!" and "Good God!"

Yet the aura of sadness of the album stays with you, and it is not easily forgotten. James Taylor may not bend your mind, but he will, in his own quiet way, touch your soul.



SOUTHERN FRIED. John Hammond.
(Atlantic - SD 8251)

Way back before any of us knew any better, John Hammond was about down-home as you could get. It was the early 60's then, and while Dave Von Ronk and others would do blues tunes, we knew that they sounded much too white. And a bit later, Eric Burdon, and the Stones, would also do some blues, but not that much of it.

But it was really only John Hammond and Koerner, Ray, and Glover, who would do country blues, and sound like they meant it. They were the only ones who would give us that chugging acoustic guitar, backed by a wailing harp. And for many of us, they were the ones who turned us on to country blues, sending us into old record stores searching for Sonny Terry and Lightnin' Hopkins and John Lee Hooker.

It was John Hammond's first album on Vanguard, "Country Blues," that made me realize that there was something in music that was very gutsy and very raw, and that was, I found, pure blues. It couldn't be gotten anywhere else, at least at that time, because the records of the old bluesmen were still too obscure for most stores. Hammond would

moan and grunt like a Delta fieldhand, he'd play walking bass lines, and I would just sit there, delighted.

Soon, however, Hammond abandoned country blues for Chicago blues, and it began to sound too loud and sloppy and we weren't ready for it. Butterfield and the Blues Project hadn't arrived yet, and when they did, Hammond was lost in the shuffle. As I became more musically aware, I started to realize that there was something about Hammond that was artificial and strained. He was, I knew, trying so hard to be black.

This is why his latest album, *Southern Fried*, is such a pathetic effort. Not even Bob Hite of Canned Heat has such a bad case of black-envy as Hammond.

Thinking back to the old albums, it all becomes much clearer. For example, on his first album, Hammond was shown sitting on a bench in darkened light, extending his lips, and with his hair greased back in a conk. He was trying to pass as a mulatto!

On this album, Hammond sounds like such a parody of black singers that I think the disc might actually be funded by the White Citizen's Council. His voice is in the not-so-venerable tradition of Mose Allison, a school of black parody that now includes such star attractions as Johnny Winter, John Mayall, and the Allman Brothers. Every phrase sounds as if it's gargled, like the singer has some sort of speech defect. In fact, a critic in *Esquire* once remarked that Hammond sings as if he has a cleft palate, and then the critic apologized in the next edition because he found that Hammond indeed does have a cleft palate.

In any case, Hammond does songs by Howling Wolf, Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry, and Willie Dixon. They've all been done before, and they've all been done much better.

Hammond is just totally swamped in the field of urban blues. There are better imitators around, and the originals are at last passing into popular circulation. But where Hammond could perform a real service, and also cut out a different area for himself, in country blues. There are so few of the original country blues singers left, and almost no one, including young whites, is carrying on the tradition. A good imitator is better than nothing, and we country fans want you back. John Hammond

by Art Levine



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How to pirate records

L A Free Press/FRINS

JOSHUA P. FITZROY

This interview with Melvin E. Potter, underground record entrepreneur, was conducted in the kitchen of Melvin's farmhouse in Sebastopol over many glasses of hard apple cider and a few joints. Melvin was connected with the first underground album, a double set of Dylan, known as "Great White Wonder." Presently, he has many new projects in the research and development phase. One of these projects is an underground Cream album.

J.F. What was your connection with "Great White Wonder?"

M.E.P. I was the exclusive distributor for it in the Bay Area. J.F. Why did you become involved in the underground record business? Were you primarily motivated by financial reasons or did other factors enter into your decision?

M.E.P. I guess that financial reasons were certainly important.

"Great White Wonder" offered me

a chance to create some adventure and danger in a world of over-stuffed uniformity. The world seemed so utterly dull the summer of 1969 when I first got into the underground record business. The concrete streets of Los Angeles froze in one image of naked plastic, J.F. How much did you make selling "Great White Wonder" in the Bay Area?

M.E.P. I guess around \$8,000. J.F. How long did you do it?

M.E.P. About two weeks.

J.F. How come you were in it for such a short amount of time?

M.E.P. Mainly, because the underground record scene is pretty nasty and hostile in its inner workings. Everybody wanted his share but everybody was always trying to screw somebody else out of their share. The whole mess became so greed oriented that it reminded me of the movie TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE. Also, I didn't especially get along with my boss, who I'll call Lyle Saab. We had a personality conflict. Lyle was a very successful young hip L.A. businessman who reeked of overt materialism and innate shallowness. He was snide from head to toe, drove a Lincoln that was customized by George Barris, led a high tech low vibe life, and didn't know Ghandi from Gurdjieff. The whole scheme permitted me

J.F. Were you ever worried about record industry heat?

M.E.P. Record industry heat was always in the back of our minds; but it would have taken some real Mike Hammer types to have nabbed us. Our operation was really safe and easy. We picked up the records from Mr. Saab's, loaded them in a rented U-haul, drove to S.F. where we exchanged goods and capital, and flew back to L.A. on the same day.

J.F. How do you explain the current interest in underground albums?

M.E.P. I explain it mainly through the failure of the establishment record companies to provide the listener with anything stimulating, innovative, and worthwhile. After all, the summer of 1969, when the underground record industry began, was an incredible period of record industry hype and shuck. Such utterly atrocious jive as "Grand Funk," "Ten Wheel Drive," "Blind Faith," "Santana," and "Chicago" were served up to the listening public. Amidst all of this came underground records which were exciting and stimulating in an artificial and illusory way. People bought them because there was nothing else to buy and they wanted to have something that their friends didn't have.

J.F. What do you consider to be the best of the underground albums?

M.E.P. Well, I really think that only two underground albums out of the whole crop are good. One is "Liver Than You'll Ever Be," which captures some of the excitement of the Rolling Stones in concert. On this album the sound quality is pretty good, and some of the performances such as "Love in Vain" and "I'm Free" are better than the studio versions. The other album is "John Birch Society Blues" which consists of some early and mid Dylan ditties never heard before on disc. The sound on "John Birch" is really very good.

The rest of the underground albums including various Dylan albums and an unauthorized Beatles' "Get Back" all suffer from extremely poor fidelity and muddled sound quality.

J.F. What possibilities do you foresee for the underground record business?

M.E.P. In the beginning there was a tremendous response. But after a while, because of the tremendous influx of new underground albums and increased listener demands for a better quality product, the market has receded. The public seems pretty tired of shucks, and some of the underground records have certainly qualified in this category. However, I still think there is a market for high quality underground records of rare performances. Another innovation which might help the underground market would be if underground record entrepreneurs lowered their wholesale prices to \$1.25

to \$1.50 per record. Right now, underground records are making about as much profit as over-ground records without any guarantees on their products and without any artist royalties.

J.F. What performances would you like to see captured on future underground records?

M.E.P. How about Glastunji and Bob Dylan at the Club Apollo, Al Kooper playing the church organ at St. Patrick's, Buck Owens and the Buckaroos having a feedback war with Jimi Hendrix at the Forum, the Moody Blues performing the "Rites of Spring" on a medley on Carnegie Hall, Vladimir Horowitz pounding the ivories at Pepe's in a performance of "Goin' Down Slow" and Crosby, Stills, and Nash singing nursery rhymes at the Children's Hospital in Arcadia?

J.F. That was quite an exploration in fantasy, but in terms of reality?

M.E.P. I personally would like to see some live Bob Dylan from his rock star period, Dylan and the Hawks really cooked back in 1965 and 1966, but nobody really knew how good they were. Also, some live Beatles from the early days and some live Stones from the same period. Maybe even Jimi Hendrix's outstanding performance at the Shrine Auditorium in 1968.

J.F. Do you have any underground record schemes in the works?

M.E.P. I do. I am thinking of a live Cream album recorded in 1968 at the Fillmore West. However, it might be some time before things jell.

SOUND

Standing Ovation for Visiting Londoners

by LEN BRADFORD

The London Symphony's appearance at the Lyric on Tuesday was an eye-opening experience. It is not often that we in midtown are able to hear musicians of this caliber, and one's head begins to spin with the possibilities relevant to this orchestra's flexibility, its ability to play nearly anything in the written literature.

The very first thing of which I became aware was the absolute precision of the symphony's strings. Not following the example of some well-respected orchestras, which favor the mellow, silken, and sometimes, to me, somewhat blurred sound, the London Symphony bases its overall quality on achieving an exact attack, which indeed is razor-sharp. There is also immense power in this orchestra, as was amply demonstrated last Tuesday. An endless reserve of forte seems to be there for any crescendo.

Bernard Haitink, noted for his many

fine recordings on the European Phillips label, made it obvious why he is noted among the world's great conductors. He is, remarkably enough, not a flamboyant conductor. His style (which also reflects his approach to the structure of the music) is in broad, sweeping gestures, exhorting rather than commanding. The responsiveness of the orchestra as a whole makes this sensitivity possible. Haitink concerned with broad outlines, and leaves histrionics to those who need to try quite that hard.

The program itself presented a fascinating variety of musical styles: Haydn's Symphony No. 102 in B-flat, Igor Stravinsky's Firebird Suite, and Sibelius' Symphony No. 2. Haitink and the Londoners handle each piece with aplomb, seeming completely comfortable in each period.

Haitink began the Haydn at a somewhat deliberate pace, but built constantly throughout to the climactic finale. He moreover emphasized the playfulness of

this genial symphony. Precision, so important for the music of Haydn's and Mozart's time, served him in good stead here.

For me, though, the high point of the evening was Stravinsky's Firebird Suite. This piece, one of the greatest of the modern age, is a real showstopper, with everything from lyric, tender pianissimos to positively daemonic passages. Haitink made the most of it, and drew wildly enthusiastic cheers from the audience.

The final offering, the Sibelius symphony, while not a favorite of mine, lent itself well to the London sound, with its rich chordal structure. Truly a dramatic and satisfying concert. The standing ovation which Haitink and the London Symphony received was well-deserved, for they brought us one of the more outstanding musical experiences of this season.

Bad News On Toronto

All information so far received by HARRY indicates that the proposed Toronto Peace Festival is probably not going to come off, and if it does, it probably won't be worth attending.

John and Yoko have severed all connections with the project, and the thing will not be free. The story of what has happened and what is happening is pretty complicated, but the general impression is one of bad vibes and incompetence on the part of the promoter. No reputable rock people have been willing to work on it.

Better figure on going elsewhere on the weekend of July 4.

Sunday, May 10

Presented by
Premier Attractions & Fred Samango
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LAST TOUR OF THE YEAR



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Film

By Bill Benzon

...you walk in and sit down; the movie starts and already you are grateful for little things—the name of the film, *Z*, and the credits are given immediately and with no nonsense and rather than destroy the film by dubbing in an English sound track subtitles are used. And the screen is covered with large images of medallions—religious trinkets? But the camera cuts back quickly and we realize that the medallions adorned the chest of one of the many officers now being deployed on the screen. A civilian official is giving a lecture on a mildew prevention program and then turns the floor over to the Inspector General who uses mildew prevention as a biological metaphor for a political program. "We are a democracy and so will allow the opposition to meet; there is no need for repression. But they are like a disease, mildew is caused by germs and so is political strife: we must fight back with antibodies. The peasants." Such is the gist of the Inspector General's talk.

Meanwhile the camera is probing it's way into the seen/scene—close up, middle distance, extremely close up (one lens of a pair of sunglasses), cut back, a look at the Inspector General, out the window. This discontinuous visual richness undercuts the poverty stricken continuity of the Inspector General's message and subordinates the content of the message to the aesthetic intent of the film. That is, *Z* is a political film in both the limited sense of having obvious ideological sympathies, leftist, and in the larger sense implied by the Greek *politēs*, the state, citizenship, *Z* is a film about the life of the state, about men as they live within the state, rather than within themselves. The rhetoric of the right, the Inspector General, is not directly opposed to the rhetoric of the left (where the film's sympathies obviously lie) but both are seen in the larger context of citizenship and the life of the state, where rhetoric stands opposed to the simplicity of the peasants who would rather drink than be involved in rhetorical confusions. Going back to the initial scene, had the camera merely cut back and forth between the Inspector General and his total audience, the visual aspect of the film would have emphasized the rhetoric by focusing our attention upon the speaker and hearers of rhetoric. But by having the camera probe the purely visual aspects of the scene, at all distances, director Costa-Gavras de-emphasizes the rhetoric as rhetoric by pulling the eye into the scene/seen toward that which is indifferent to the content of rhetoric, a hand here, a bored face there, that which is a reaction to familiar rhetoric of any stripe. By thus subordinating a message to the

"Z": THE MECHANISM OF POLITICAL CRIME IN OUR TIME



Photo Georges Beuster

possibilities of the medium, Costa-Gavras leaves the film open to an aesthetic purpose which transcends mere propaganda or special pleading.

While this counterpoint of eye and ear characterizes the entire film, it is most

effective in the scene where the Doctor, Gregorios Lambrakis, leftist political leader, is giving his speech and in the scene where a doctor is explaining the condition of the now seriously injured Lambrakis to officials. In the former scene

the camera probes the faces and movements of the people, the negligent police, the leftist students, the rightist workers, outside the hall where Lambrakis is speaking—at the same time that we hear the speech. In the latter scene the doctor is illustrating his talk through reference to X-ray photographs, and the camera is always probing. And Lambrakis' wife comes in, the talk is briefly interrupted, but starts up again. "His brain is crushed, but if his heart holds out he will live." But the eye is always pulling the mind away from the ear, perception is always at odds with conception.

And if one wishes to speak of the meaning of the film well "His brain is crushed, but if his heart holds out he will live." Costa-Gavras doesn't preach, doesn't even hint of simple answers, or of a deep reason behind apparent chaos. Ultimately the film is the triumph of the artist and not the political man. For the film is done with a fine sense of humor (in addition to a fine sense of drama) and irony—the rightist explaining that he is merely the antibody to the political disease (which is learned from a government written pamphlet), the witness who only wants his picture to be on the front page of the paper, the masterful scene at the end where the police officials, after being charged with murder by the Investigator who cares more for Justice than for political expediency, are led out and each one tries to go, similiar and incompetent men to comically reduced by the impossibility of getting through a locked door and rendered simply and stupidly human, the door is closed. It is this comic release which frees the mind from the incomprehensibilities of acting rationally in a chaotic world, which is but a part of the film's message, so that one can rest in the experience of the film and not the idea, the heart outlasts the mind. To have confronted the world and lived

Continued on page 17

AMES OAKES
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The Rolling Stones
in *Tommy* Galt's
"SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL"

May 8, Friday & May 9 Sat.
2 Shows - 7:30 & 10:00
Shriver Hall, Johns Hopkins Univ
\$2.00 Admision

BENEFIT FOR JHU Film Workshop

(Continued from page 16)

it is deeper than to merely comprehend—that is the credo of the artist. And Costa-Gavras has shown himself to be an artist.



Costa-Gavras

For the ancient Greeks believed that as long as a man's name is remembered that a man's spirit is still alive. And "Z" means "he is alive." The life of the state is ultimately dependent upon he whose spirit sustains that life, Gergoros Lambrakis.

But how to convey the richness of the film, the music, the acting, the brilliant camera work, fine editing, pacing? And you walk home to write your review, to your waiting typewriter. You open your door and you walk in and sit down.....

THEATER

by LEN BRADFORD

God Is Not Dead, He's Alive and Freaking Out at the Corner Theater

We expect success from the successful—and are not surprised, when attending an established repertoire theater, to be presented with a production of the kind that is commonly known as "professional." Yet, somehow, professionalism can often turn into slickness, or merely remain drab, lacking that certain excitement of spontaneity. There is an implied counterpart in the field of music: the contrast between the formal concert and improvisation, the informal "jam."

Corner Theater, by no means an "established" and successful (financially) theater, often, on the other hand, offers that very same feeling of spontaneity. The size of the theater itself contributes to that impression. Tiny, but ingeniously arranged, Corner Theater is the epitome of intimacy. Novelty is also established since, with no fixed seats, and no proscenium, the arrangement can be (and is) changed with every production.

The word which keeps returning to me is "unlikely." Corner Theater is a most unlikely theater—and Porterfield's

play is a most unlikely play—Involving similarly unlikely characters and situations. It is largely patterned after, and a broad satire of, the Wizard of Oz plot. Dorothy, in this case Dorothy Schwartz, however, does not arrive by means of a tornado. "I be tripping," she casually explains to this combination socialite and fairy-godmother sort who is Labia Major, the Transcendental Twat. Dorothy is a strange little girl who uses the most incredible verbal constructions and tortured syntax in order to communicate what's on her mind. Immediately, that is to see god, and invite him to come as guest lecturer in a class studying his peculiar absence from the world, in this modern age.

She has no trouble communicating desirability to Sammy Tannenbaum the Walking Penis, however. He has no trouble in communicating with her either—"You are holding my left booboo!"—until Labia convinces her that she will never be able to see god, if she allows Sammy the P. to do his thing, or her thing, either.

Just as Oz's Dorothy meets various characters with weird hang-ups along the yellow brick road, this Dorothy Schwartz meets characters, too, but whose weirdness knows no bounds—benjaminsbean, for example, fondling his scatalogical bone rosary, thereby remembering the names of all his defunct relatives (including the skull of his dear Uncle Irving), is a black-comedy character of outstanding dimension, particularly as brilliantly played by Jerry Whiddon. With this brilliant characterization following immediately upon his excellent role in Grace Cavalier's *Heads*, Whiddon makes it obvious that he may be one of the more talented actors in Corner Theater's con-



Majorie Hirsch as dorothyschwartz and Darryl Hill as wildnigger in Gordon Porterfield's *what isoneholycatholicapostolicbrownandstinksuptheuniverse?*

arrival in god's reception room (with impressive Sandy McDonald as a machine-gun-packing receptionist) are among the funniest yet. The play grows like that, gaining a forward momentum that is real, inherent in the writing itself, not artificially established.

I must admit liking this sort of broad slapstick, with everything and everybody from gorillas to archangels running onto the stage. An amazing visual circus. You should find out for yourself about benjaminsbean's serious affliction and his traumatic solution!

Our motley group's encounter with god (Larry Lewman) is quite a come-uppance, however. God's costume (disguise?) is enough to scare the socks off of anybody. In fact it's utterly amazing

what costume designer Jay Sott and set designer Charles Vanderpool and his assistant Don Hekler have been capable of achieving with extremely limited materials. Anyone can pour enough money into a production to come up with a posh set, but only talent can manage working, flexible props and costumes out of almost nothing.

One would expect the role of god to be difficult, and this is certainly the case with Porterfield's characterization of God as a scurilously evil old man (not unlike the wheel-chair-ridden authorial consciousness who appears in the beginning). Larry Lewman's dual realization of this role could hardly be imagined to be better.

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"THE FILM IS PURE CINEMA
VERITE! AN ENGRASSING FILM,
A REAL ACCOUNT OF AN ARTIST
...IT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING!"

"AN ESSAY IN CINEMATIC TRUTHTELLING!"

"A HARROWING, MEMORABLE
DEPICTION...ENDLESSLY FASCINATING
FILM!"

"THE FILM PULLS NO PUNCHES! AS
ENIGMATIC, CONTROVERSIAL, AND
HONEST AS ITS SUBJECT!"

"...the Christian Science Monitor

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS.....

continued from page 20

Beethoven Anniversary Concert
Balto. Symphony Orch.
Commissioners conducting
Lyric 8:30 P.M.

Theatre:

"The Glass Menagerie" by
Tennessee Williams
Center Stage

"Twelfth Night"
UMBC 8 P.M.

"The Chalk Garden"
Theatre Hopkins
7 P.M. Evergreen House
(picnicking during the
performance is permitted)

"what is one holycatholacapostolic
brown and sticks up the universe"
by Gordon Porterfield
Corner Theatre

"The Wingless Victory" by
Maxwell Anderson
Essex. Comm. Coll. 8 P.M.

Misc.:

GREATER BALTIMORE ARTS FESTIVAL - Hopkins Plaza
11 A.M. - 10 P.M.

MAY 15

Music:

FELLS POINT JAZZ FESTIVAL
7 - 10 P.M.

"Howdy Doody" - Bluesette

Betsy Rutherford
Seed of Discovery

Warmth - Son of Coffee Grounds

Theatre:

"The Glass Menagerie" by
Tennessee Williams
Center Stage

"Twelfth Night"
UMBC 8 P.M.

"The Chalk Garden"
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7 P.M. Evergreen House
(picnicking during the
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"what is one holycatholacapostolic
brown and sticks up the universe"
by Gordon Porterfield
Corner Theatre

"The Wingless Victory" by
Maxwell Anderson
Essex. Comm. Coll. 8 P.M.

"Dear Me, the Sky is Falling"
by Spiegelglass
Spotlighters 8:30 P.M.

2 one-act plays by Brecht
Maryland Institute Drama
Festival - Pt. III - Mt.
Royal Station 8 P.M.
50 Stud. \$1.25 adults

Misc.:

GREATER BALTIMORE ARTS FESTIVAL - Hopkins Plaza
11 A.M. - 10 P.M.

CONTINUING EVENTS

Apr. 19 - May 15
Rinehart Annual Exhibition of
Sculpture - Maryland Institute
Station Gallery

Apr. 27 - May 22
Exhibition of William Larson
Maryland Institute Photographic Gallery

May 3 - 31
Maryland Institute Faculty
Exhibition - Fells Pt. Art Gallery

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St. Agnes College

WHERE

Baltimore Civic Center
201 W. Baltimore St. 837-0900

Baltimore Performing Arts
Workshop-Calvert Educ. Center
Calvert St. & North Ave. 539-0274

Bluesette
2439 N. Charles St. 467-4404
8 P.M. Fri. & Sat. \$2. Sun. \$1.

Center Stage 11 E. North Ave.
685-5020 Tues. - Sat. 8:30 P.M.
Sun. 7:30 P.M.

Corner Theatre 853 N. Howard
728-4707 8 P.M.
Corpus Christi 523-4161
Mt. Royal & Lafayette Aves.

Crack of Dawn
100 W. 25th St. 243-1718

Enoch Pratt Free Library
400 Cathedral St.
685-6700 2 P.M.

Essex Community College
Ridge Rd. at Kennedy Expressway
682-6000

Famous Ballroom
1717 N. Charles St. 727-8620
Sun. 5-9 P.M. \$3.50

Fells Point Art Gallery
811 S. Broadway 675-6273
Thurs. & Fri. 11-1 Sat. 12-4
Sun. 2-5

Goucher College
Dulaney Valley Rd. 825-3300

Greater Balto. Medical Ctr.
6701 N. Charles St. 828-2000

JHU - Johns Hopkins University
Charles & 34th Sts. 366-3300

Lansdowne Lounge
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Lodge Rate, M.C. 467-0813
meet: Gulliver's Books

Loyola College 435-4500
Charles St. & Cold Spring Lane

Lyric Theatre 685-5086
128 W. Mt. Royal Ave.

Maryland Institute 669-9200
1300 W. Mt. Royal Ave.

Morgan Stage College 323-2270
Hillen Rd. & Cold Spring Lane

Orange Propellor Barn (coffee
house) Oakland Mills Village
Center - Columbia 730-7566

Peabody Book Shop
913 N. Charles St. 539-9201

Peabody Conservatory
1 E. Mt. Vernon Place 837-0600

Seed of Discovery
236 E. 25th St. 8 P.M.

Son of Coffee Grounds
Roland Ave. & Oakdale Rd.

Spotlighters 752-1225
817 St. Paul St. 8:30 P.M.

Theatre Hopkins 366-3300
Charles & 34th Sts. 8:30 P.M.

UMBC - Univ. of Md. Balto.
County 744-7800
5401 Wilkens Ave.

Vagabond Players 358-6337
U. of Balto. 727-6350
1420 N. Charles St.



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WANTED: One or more witches who can help effectively get rid of bastardly boss. Help your community by helping us put away this establishment pig. Call this number: 837-0564 til 4:15

Tall man desires big woman. Bob 821-1619.

Beverly—Welcome to Baltimore. Love, Conor.

Linda Irby—Call Harry.

Linda Fulmer please call this paper and let them know you are alright. P.S. The house is sold.

PARANOID about dope in your pad? Avoid the unnecessary. \$30 and down. Reinforced doors, stash boxes—built-in and general carpentry. Write Marty 3551 Buena Vista Ave. Apt. 3A.

WANTED: Information about where a young couple can go to get married without parents consent. Call after 5:00 P.M. at 243-1729 and ask for Lois. Age information is important. Keep groovin'.

Signed, limited-edition silk screen posters by Catonsville Nine artist Tom Lewis is for PEOPLE Defense Fund. For illustrated flyer, write PEOPLE, Box 7123, Baltimore, Md. 21218.

SEXUAL FREEDOM magazine No. 1 (busted by SF police) with erotic lithographs by Gerald Goch—plus current issue—\$2. Mailed in plain cover. SF League, Box 14034, San Francisco 94114 or 484-0182

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COCAINE...COCAINE

Several people have asked recently about the effects of cocaine so I've snuffed out some information for you.

Cocaine is a stimulant to the central nervous system, reduces hunger and, when applied directly to mucous membranes such as those lining the nose and mouth, produces anesthesia and constriction of blood vessels. The drug is derived from leaves of "erythroxylon coca," and, for centuries, natives of Peru and Bolivia have chewed coca leaves for their stimulant effect.

An article on Argentina appearing in the current Braniff Airlines travel magazine recommends to adventurous tourists the local custom of chewing coca leaves after dining. Its author describes pleasurable tingling sensations of the mouth and tongue resulting from cocaine's anesthetic effects. Perhaps Braniff Airlines officials risk prison for using Madison Avenue techniques to promote pleasure through drugs.

CHILDREN'S DAY CARE PLAY GROUP in country, starting 6/1, 252-0803

What's Happening? You, that's what. Dig People, Dig Loving, Dig Just living. Now's the time to get together. "Gathering of Head" if interested call Donna, 342-2153 5-10 P.M. weekdays, after noon on weekends.

REGIS - The party is May 2. A. Lawrence

GIMME A RIDE! Boston, back half of May. **GIMME NOTHER RIDE!** The Great West, around June, me & my guitar, esp. with a mess of people who play things. **GIMME A JOB!** Need traveling bread. Call Janet, 254-6641 weekdays before 6, and don't let on to me grandmother.

RIDE AVAILABLE TO S.F. Leave 5/20
Dave, Box 1118, Johns Hopkins U.

URGENT! My car is broken. Send me a dollar and I'll send you a really fine watercolor. Alan Barysh, 411 Notre Dame Lane, 21212

FENDER JAGUAR \$200, LUDWIG DRUMS \$300
call Jeff 644-2538

FOR SALE - PSYCHEDELIC RAMBLER (1961)
Blue, red and grey interior, flowers, birds, butterflies & peace on and in; 5 tires and 2 good snow tires incl'd, auto. trans., heater. Perfect for zonked chick or cat to get around town with. Gotta see it to believe it. Will take best offer. Must sell. Call Diane at 486-8406

Apartment and/or house wanted in Greenspring Valley - Falls Road area. Need not be large, one room o.k. Dave 664-5500

WANTED: 20 pounds of liver for Portnoy trip. Grade AAA calf or chicken. Cows need not apply. Write "Elk" c/o HARRY

WANTED: FARM TO RENT w/ option to buy.
50 to 100 acres needed. Lonny 485-7517

BASS PLAYER NEEDED DESPARATELY
call John or Scott at 435-6557

MISS LANAY S. — Please get in touch with your parents. There will be no hassle.

FOR SALE: MARTIN D-12-35 w/case \$300
243-1718 noon to midnight.

ROXANNE WILCOX please come home. Your father is worried.

SCORPIO MALE is in need of character correction from Pisces or Cancer chick. Write Magic Stan, 105 Shealy Ave., Towson, for details.

ALLIANCE TO HUMANIZE AMERICA is having yoga, transcendental meditation, and other occult subjects at Dave's 922-1361. Organizational meetings will be at Corner Theater, call Randy 486-8594 or 484-0182

Unlike the user of morphine, whose drives are decreased, the cocaine user is stimulated and may act in response to his persecutory delusions, carrying weapons and using them on his alleged persecutors. The stereotype of the "depraved dope fiend," so inappropriately used to describe the opiate user, is not entirely unjustified when applied to the cocaine user who develops toxic symptoms.

An overdose of cocaine may cause convulsions and death.

Intravenous use of cocaine seems rare today but sniffling the drug is in vogue once more. Cocaine sniffers frequently develop perforations of the nasal septum (the cartilage between the nostrils) due to constrictions of local blood vessels resulting in tissue damage from lack of oxygen.

Cocaine is usually classified as an addictive drug though withdrawal doesn't cause the abstinence symptoms seen in junkies. Cocaine withdrawal causes symptoms similar to those seen in withdrawal from amphetamines—depression, fatigue and listlessness.

Don't want to sound like a pundit, but dangers from cocaine aren't to be sniffed at.

